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JULY 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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JULY 1974

Maclean's

VOL. 97, NO. 7

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## ELECTION '74: STRUGGLE FOR A MANDATE



### ONLY A MAJORITY CAN HELP COOL INFLATION

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

When I was new to political reporting a veteran of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa once told me that after years of watching the antics of candidates offering themselves for election he sometimes had a tough time deciding whether to laugh or to cry. The same feeling has come over me all too often in the many campaigns I've covered myself, but never more forcefully than during this peculiar election of 1974.

The politicians want one it is May with one clear-cut issue—the state of the economy. But as the weeks went, they've been huffing and puffing, sneering and smirking, playing so hard at the tacky game of orange politics that some important facts have apparently been forgotten. This country has grave economic problems. They didn't blow up the spigot. They're going to be resolved this summer. They're uninspiring, stubborn, intensely complicated and so ancient of days passing, some ceding or glowering, striding on into their own century.

So far in the campaign, none of the three national leaders has done up with an economic policy that would deal, in a real way, with the devastating effects of inflation. Most of Trudeau, Stiefel and Lewis are allowing partisanship to duplicate reasons and platitudes to replace toughness of mind. They're promising one thing here, taking a contrary stance there, trying to read their audiences, using the old kum-and-candy gambit with the voters and the even older and time-worn play of throwing gross items at each other to divert the people's attention from

the weakness of their own platforms. But the issue is this election, more than any other in recent memory, is not whose image comes over best on TV, who can draw the loudest crowd, or what kind of promises will give the most votes the biggest glow-in. The issue is Canada's economic survival.

What is haunting Canada and all the disheartened persons is the spectre of runaway inflation. This is not the usual, familiar type of price rise we had in the early Sixties, when we worried if the consumer price index went up more than 3%, but a new, violent strain which without warning, threatens real investments, destroys national parties, causes real suffering to everybody but the very rich and may lead to social and political upheaval. Nobody knows how to lay this ghost. As one bewildered economist noted recently, all he and his colleagues have been able to do so far is "to organize the rearranging of the deck chairs on the Titanic." With our ship of state in such perilous waters, what we need is a man who's willing to drive us in a new direction. Instead, what we've had in this campaign is a bunch of confused ship officers mulling about on deck, yodling into the wind.

Pierre Trudeau's economic team is to be based on a mélange of partisanship, opportunism and pseudo-Keynesian theories, which may have guided them at Cambridge and Harvard in the Thirties and Forties and Fifties but have been obsolete now for a decade. The Liberal leader's public pronouncements on inflation seldom extend beyond the commonplace drawing of analogies between the national economy and individual households, a comparison that every university freshman in economics knows is silly. Robert Stiefel's economics have yet to be tested, but if he followed his call for wage and price controls as if he has in mind we have good reason to be alarmed. Quite apart from its obvious economic unsoundness, the scheme has already been rejected by organized labor in this country and proven unworkable by governments in the U.S. and U.K. David Lewis wants to institute a two-price system for commodities, to away with profiteering, and reduce mortgage rates to 6%. Worried objectives all that he never considers how they are to be achieved. In short, if a social revolution is ahead the NDP may not be a suitable far for scoring any potential supporters.

Macdonald has always been published on the principle that as a national magazine it should not be committed to any particular partisan cause, since one party could probably not equally benefit all regions of the country. At the stage of this campaign—when it's difficult to advise voters what to do—it seems a particularly apt tradition.

What we can hope for between now and July 8 is that one party or another will take a grip on itself and come up with some realistic long-term economic promises. Maybe one political leader will have the fibre to believe that it might be better to spend money recreating the best economic brain in the country (and the world) to ferret out the kind of anti-inflationary options that will work, instead of throwing away his money to revive obsolescent aircraft overhauled buses. If he does, Canadian voters will hopefully respond by granting him a majority. As the past 18 months showed, a minority government tends to have no clear purpose, except to waste power. But a majority mandate cannot cut with a lively sense of resolve can become a revolutionary instrument. Next year we may be saying that what this country needs is a good five-dollar coin. What this country needs right now is a good 140-cent majority run by a leader who has the guts to be honest with the voters and with himself.

## ELECTION '74: STRUGGLE FOR A MANDATE



### I'M THE GIRL WHO LEARNED TO SAY NO

BY JUDY LAMARSH

The *Marksville Daily Larkspur* is a former Liberal cabinet minister now teaching law at Queen's Hall

"You're going to run again, aren't you? I hope so — we need people like you — we need you."

Nice knowing — handy, eye-opening stuff to a husband, a woman within touching distance of her fifth birthday — and when you have heard it, read it, heard it and hundreds of times, from strangers, from new and old friends, and even sometimes from foes, it is both flattering and unsettling. Toss back, Dick Whittington, and you'll be Lord Mayor of London. Even if you are not ambitious — and I probably am — it says: Add to that the special challenge of women to ride up the curbs for their again in parliament, and perhaps in cabinet, the urging of former supporters who want a proven winner again, the not-so-grudging suggestion that I could be of assistance to the party now, beyond the confines of a single constituency, and the call of that old refrain — "Now is the time for all good women to come to the aid of the party."

I won't deny it has led me wondering, over the past two years, in my eagerness to remain informed from politics I have had the satisfaction of knowing that I left my riding in good shape and that I owe no debt to my country — nine years in politics and three in the military should be enough. But I almost did. I almost vacillated and offered myself again as a Liberal candidate for the Ontario riding of Niagara Falls. But thank heaven I have philo-

sed from the "girl who said say no." I'm my own worse now. I don't belong to the party, nor the people.

My chances are broad over this strong pressure to go back. Six years out of active politics and of them for the first four years, an active Liberal pretended to know I was still alive. Ten years since I last contested an election. Now I am really an unknown quantity as a candidate to a whole decade of voters. No matter that I was the seat in a by-election in 1969, when the Liberals numbered only 48 in the House of Commons, by a 10,000 plurality, and the subsequent three elections by 10,000. I am known, without any doubt, but no longer from my record as the Member for Niagara Falls.

There have been offers of support, nonetheless, to run provincially or federally in British Columbia seats, to run federally in four Ontario seats, and even in Montreal. I was urged to stand for the provincial leadership in Ontario last fall. My career as a lawyer, writer, broadcaster, speaker and professor of law over the past six years has made me more acceptable as a candidate.

Maybe it's true that I'm not got older, but better! Amazingly, during that time, it was also suggested I might run as an NDP (in the West), an Action Canada candidate, or a Conservative candidate in Ontario. I must have a pretty blurred political image.

I think I had better temper this little by saying that, notwithstanding the number of people who regard me as, or supposed me to be, in 1972 and again in 1974, my closest friends tried to dissuade me. They remember my shock and dismay at the political end of those I most loved and admired. They remember my bitterness. They remember the shock I suffered when I watched myself out of politics and found myself alone, very vulnerable and \$25,000 in debt. They remember the warring of my personality, my determinations and indecisions in government, my partnership. They like the better now as a person, and I know I am more content. They were reluctant to see me suffer my relative tranquility, afraid I would go back only to find myself vilified by the politicians up to July 6, but not after. Even some of my former colleagues who were prepared to welcome me back wanted me off. On the whole, they are convinced and pleased that I had what they consider the good sense to stay out of the fray.

I am under no illusions about why I've been asked to run — it's not because of my pretty green eyes. For one reason or another, my name, face and voice are reasonably familiar. I have had successful experience on the law. I have had experience in cabinet and as opposition. I didn't disappear from public view when I left politics. I continue to be invited to speak and write my opinions. I am supposed to be the first and most spectacular opponent of Pierre E. Trudeau's leadership. I am a woman, and women candidates are in demand. I have a reputation for plain speaking, for being concerned (for which read publicity-seeking). I am told that if I were to return to the fold, others might also be persuaded. Those who oppose the Trudeau government admire I do too, and I have, as an independent Liberal, although I flew from BC to Ontario to vote Liberal in 1966. They admire I don't like the Prime Minister. I don't, often. They admire I don't respect him. I don't, sometimes. This gives me a certain popularity in Alberta, among the oilmen, anyway. But I also like Trudeau, whose law and could be a supporter of him, or a modified version of him. The same can be said regarding Bob Stanfield — and David Lewis. I like him and admire them — sometimes. But none of them persuaded me to throw my life to the winds again, to risk

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## ELECTION '74: STRUGGLE FOR A MANDATE



everything to run again, as I did once in opposition to John G. Diefenbaker and in support of Mike Pearson. Public service is great, but you have to have a special incentive to get up your white self to leaving your riding and your country in parliament.

No, I'm not afraid of being defeated. I have never had the experience and wouldn't relish it, but I'd survive it. Anyway, I think I could be re-elected and elected. I was an effective Member and far from the word of minister. I would be much more afraid of being elected. I'd be broke again — probably forever.

If I were elected and Pierre Elliott Trudeau forced the government, I might hope to be in the cabinet. (I would go into parliament if I were a backbencher. There's not much opportunity for input and since I was once a cabinet minister it would be a fairly judgment of what the leadership thought of me if I had to sit in the back benches. I'd probably be the leader of the rump opposition.) If it came, it would depend upon what portfolio I received. It would have to be substantial, because I have considerable energy and I like to work. And I would have to carry some weight with the Prime Minister, and not just be tolerated. That might be difficult because I would keep pressing for opportunities for women and I wouldn't be sure. What prime minister needs to give himself that kind of trouble? Most would avoid the challenge. Some more conservative ministers don't make protection cabinet commitments. I would have to run as a private individual. With no public commitments from the leadership in no cabinet appointments, I would be subjected to media and opposition attack as one who was really not acceptable at all. It would look as though I was a protest, seeking a way back to No thanks! If Pierre Elliott Trudeau did not force the government, I would have a ball in opposition, for a while. There is a lot of scope for work and individual initiative there. But after a while, the tendency is

to become completely negative. I like to think I am a constructive person, but I don't know what the frustrations of years of opposition might do to me. And if Robert Stanfield becomes prime minister he won't soon destroy himself as Dief did, so a bright new year is impossible.

In the meantime, to run, I would have given up teaching law, which I am just beginning to get the feel of and really enjoy. I would have given up some academic beginnings in the business world. I would have given up working steadily fair, and with, women. I would have surrendered any personal privacy. I would be working again, not at 35, but at 50.

Just after I resigned in 1968, I saw a snippet on TV in which a reporter asked Trudeau what would become of me now. He said that I was intelligent he was sure I would find a niche somewhere for myself. Indeed I have, and it's not in politics.

## SCRAMBLED SIGNALS AT ELECTION TIME

BY WALTER STEWART

Now that we are into it, now, indeed, that it has been flowing just as well around us and through us in a seven-ending space, I feel compelled to tell posterity that the current (future) election need not have happened. Not in the way Prime Minister Trudeau means. I am not arguing that a wicked and irresponsible NDP three election to the winds, kicked principle into the gutter and plunged in headlong into a vote, rather, the election must about in part because of a cruel miscalculation on the part of two men — the Prime Minister and John Turner, Minister of Finance, budget expert and patrona Liberal leader.

Just for the record, now that it is too late, just so that future generations will have the thing right, here is what happened. The Prime Minister and his finance minister assumed that the dollars and growth that began swelling from the NDP caucus about mid-late 1972 were sincere. An outsider might have cautioned them against taking too seriously the public pronouncements of politicians, even those of the NDP precursor, but when David Lewis began to warn that the honeymoon was over, that his party had run out of patience with the Liberals, that the whole was about to be blown on Canada's twenty-ninth parliament, the Liberal leaders believed that Lewis was slipping them the straight goods. And so he was, so far as that went, Lewis had been probing for an election since last winter. But the NDP is not your average party, and the fact that its leader wanted to throw the rascal out of office did not mean that the rest of the party was willing to march to his drumbeat, or that the track could be brought off. The NDP caucus was badly split, and always had been. If enough of its members abandoned — or worse, voted with the government — the Liberals would have been able to narrow a confidence vote. The Lewis threat was aimed at his own party, they were the equivalent of an Iraqi war dance, designed to hype up the house-falls as much as to frighten the far side of the enemy.

The Liberals didn't see it that way; going the NDP perhaps more credit for straight speaking than history will reward it in due, they assumed that an election was in the offing as matter what appeared in the May budget. And

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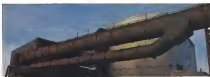


# A major steelmaking expansion in the West



Left—Flame-cutting steel billets. An advanced 3-strand continuous billet water sprayer is a major innovation pioneered at the Edmonton plant.

Below—An integral part of the modern steel plant is a huge "vacuum cleaner" that cleans furnace emissions. One of many ways that air and water quality is protected.



Left—More steel will be shipped. The plant's rolling capacity will be significantly increased and the range of products extended.

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as a way, that was a relief. John Turner did not have to devise a budget calculated to hold NDP support because he wouldn't get it — so he thought — in any case. He was free to design his own solution to Canada's problems — a hasty and patchwork solution, to be sure, but the work of his brightest mandate and his best sentiments. A poor thing, but his own.

What he did not know, what he could not know, was that, for all the Lewis bluster, the NDP was still winning. At five in the afternoon of May 6, when the now defunct budget was to be unveiled, the party caucus was split; had the budget contained something more substantial for old age pensioners or the poor, it would have put the NDP in an inalterable position. David Lewis would have been up on the rostrum, shouting "Follow me, men," while his troops broke down the lines to dash their socks. As one party insider put it to me later, "If they had come up with even \$15 for the pensioners, I don't know what the [complexion-deleted] would have done." Once the budget was unveiled, however, the air was up. Turner's prophecy became self-fulfilling: no NDP member could possibly vote for that patchwork of small bribes and gerrymandered grantees. The split was healed, the election sealed. Indeed, the NDP caucus that met to vote on the issue spent only about 10 minutes drawing up the sub-standards that eventually brought the government down, and the rest of the meeting planning the election kick-off party. (By one test, 45 hours earlier, French strategists were being plotted to keep Miss Schiman, MP for Waterloo-Cambridge, NDP essential ally, in line on the theory that she would probably like the budget and say so.)

Persons of cynical bent may take the view that John Turner, a man who seldom puts a political foot wrong, knew what he was doing all along, and that the budget was deliberately designed to provoke an election that could be blamed on the NDP. Perhaps. Certainly Turner is the only prominent politician who couldn't lose in a vote if the Liberals go down, he becomes the economic houseman for the leadership, if they win, on the platform of his budget, he remains front and centre, the standard issue politician. On balance, however, I am inclined to discount the conspiracy theory. The people I have talked to in Turner's entourage and the Prime Minister's entourage seem freely to believe that late, unfeasible line, had there by the throat long before the budget was presented — and certainly that was the way it looked to most of us at the time. The abrupt rejection of the NDP demands (a two-price system, higher pensions, an anti-profit-sharing bill with bite and tax reforms to end corporate concessions) was a rejection, not a challenge, as the Liberals saw it. And they were almost as relieved as the NDP to have the damn thing done with, and a marriage that was proving ever more rancorous bailed into divorce court.

What makes all this critical, of course, is the fact that — whatever it cost on the fringes — every party knew that we were probably out to construct another uneasy government. The real quarrel is not over who gets to run the country but, in far different matter, who gets to play in a shared exercise of power. If there is no majority government, then only a minority backed by enough Social Crediters to ensure survival has a chance at political stability. If the NDP holds the balance of power, no matter who wins the most seats, we will soon find ourselves facing the same scenario all over again.

That's all right by me, but then, I like elections. I only ask that soon time, interparty communications be kept open and clear.



## LOVE AND JOY ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

BY GORDON AIKEN

Gordon Aiken was a Conservative MP for 15 years. The following is an excerpt from his book, *The Backstairs*, to be published by McClelland and Stewart in September.

From the first moment a person has the silly thought that he might run for parliament, his self-training begins. He starts building himself to the pattern he thinks appropriate. He becomes more pleasant, more accommodating. He talks to people he wouldn't otherwise tolerate. He spends more time in public. He has noticed that people vote according to the way they feel about a person. Not that he is efficient, or calculating, or capable, but whether they like him or not. Of course this being reasonably equal, the "real nice fellow" gets elected and the "waspish" is sent back home.

George Bliss is one of the most popular guest speakers at restaurant conversations. He is effective and good-natured and beams everybody up in fine style. To help him over the rough spots where there is little time to eat or sleep, he always takes a laugh, a thinker and a pillow. He is particularly careful that his donor knows where he is. His caution comes from an unfortunate incident during the 1950s. He was on his way to speak at a meeting for Sidney E. Smith, the University of Toronto president who had just been appointed Secretary of State for External Affairs. At that time, George was federal Minister of Transport, in charge of air, rail and land transportation in

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Canada. As he was entering in the back seat, his driver stopped at a service station to go to the wash room. George woke up when the driver was gone, and decided to go for a little walk. The driver returned and assuming that his passenger was still sleeping, drove off without him.

Time being short, Canada's number one transport man decided to hitchhike. A car stopped and the driver asked him where he was going. "I'm George. Him and I'm trying to hitch a ride to Newfound to speak at a meeting for the foreign minister," he explained.

Assuming the man was either drunk or crazy, the driver took off into the night without opening the door. After several cars passed, a truck driver finally recognized him and drove him to the meeting. Arriving at Newfound he heard George was telling what happened to the people standing around. They couldn't believe his story. "We know you're a busy man, Mr. Blos, and we're awfully glad you came," said one old-timer. "You don't have to make up a story for us."

When Pauline Jewett first ran for the Liberals in Northern Ontario in 1962, the party engaged an official photographer. Although there had been opposition to a woman running, she was delighted to receive a personal letter from a high party official. He was glad she had won the nomination, and would do everything he could do to help. An appointment had already been made to have her photograph taken. "I would suggest," he wrote, "that you wear a shirt with double cuffs and a dark tie, and appear freshly shaven."

To run for parliament, it is not legally necessary to join a political party, but if you don't the odds against winning are high. In the past 15 years, only four Members have been elected as independents.

But one man who made it on his own — or almost —

was Jean-François Pouliot. At an election rally in Tremont, Quebec, there was a little man in a suit in the front of the hall who was talking for the floor. As the official speaker moved on, attention occasionally strayed towards him.

But when the introductions were finally completed, the candidate himself spoke. He read letters of commendation from many important persons, and finally his character, a personal letter from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. People nodded in satisfaction. But even as he spoke word passed around that the man up at the front was Pouliot, who had been defeated at the nomination. He wanted to say something to the meeting. Why would they not let him speak? There was a buzz in the audience, and the officials bowed apologetically. Why not let Pouliot have his few words? An independent had no chance in *Témiscouata*. So he was invited to speak.

Jean-François Pouliot, Member of Parliament, rebel Senator, then began 45 years of public service from the platform of his opponent. He failed to obtain the Liberal nomination. He could not get a crowd for his meetings. He had no backing and little money. But his message was simple. He told that meeting he had the courage to fight for *Témiscouata* in parliament. "I have only one letter of recommendation," he added, "and that is from His Holiness, the Pope. I have it here in my hand. I did not hear my opponent read one from His Holiness."

In 1924 this made a lot of difference. On election day Pouliot headed the polls.

"The people of the riding really voted for His Holiness," he told me many years later, "but it was Jean-François Pouliot who came to Quebec."

Meeting the people is not always a drag. Most are candid, and only a few are nasty. Some are exceedingly pleasant. I remember one old at a new and busy farmhouse on a country road. When the door opened, there stood a charming young woman, smiling and pretty. A mutual attraction immediately developed. "Come in," she said, "I'm alone, and would just love to talk to someone." All the pleasant talk of unknown houses suddenly didn't matter. The rule about self-defense and the preparedness to emerge went down the drain. I went in.

Sitting comfortably in a pleasant living room, the world outside disappeared. We were two people who liked each other. We talked about everything, people, ideas, loneliness. Unconsciously the conversation turned inward, and we were talking about ourselves. Then a long pause, a slight blush, revealed the same thought. If we fixed each other at all, should we do something about it? "I often imagine the situation when I am driving," I confessed, "finding a lovely girl like you, alone at home and . . . friendly. But it hasn't happened before." "I agree," she said, "the morning stranger arriving at my door. Someone I know about someone who finds me attractive. I'm very excited."

Our eyes met with complete understanding. We visualized the embrace, the pleasure, the separation, with throbbing anticipation. There was a magic moment that would never pass. Like the remnants of civilization even once that strong primitive longing. She settled back ever so slightly in her chair, and we looked in the warm glow of companionship. Eventually I knew I had to go. "I really would like to stay longer," I said, "but that might be dangerous." "I know," she replied, "but it has been wonderful having this time together. I feel I have known you for years." As we reached the door, she held up her face and I kissed her gently. It was one of the better days

## In 1965, with 17 people to wash for, Mrs. Belec figured she better get a Maytag.

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Belec and Mrs. Belec, St. Lawrence, P.Q.

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## Offside

I read with interest your column *The View From Here* in the May issue.

You state in part "The CBC already carries massive coverage of NFL games and the Baseball World Series, which dominates the CTV network, successfully tied up all of Canada to televise the NFL content."

The information is totally and completely inaccurate.

I will not get into discussion as to who dominates the CTV network, but I know that these will be true statements that I do not. In any event, neither CTV nor I approached, nor asked, nor spoke to anybody about NFL football rights, nor entered into any negotiations or agreements of any kind other than the universality of national level.

JOHN BARKETT, TORONTO

## Nuclear Canada

In an article on page six of my May edition, Walter Stewart implies that Mr Trudeau opposed the presence of U.S. nuclear warheads on Canadian soil and "in due course he got out of the mission." This might lead some of your readers to believe that there are no longer any nuclear warheads in Canada. This is not the case; note the following exchange from *Parade* March 27, 1974:

Mr. Allan B. McKinnon (Victoria): Mr. Speaker, my question is for the Minister of National Defence. Are nuclear or atomic warheads for missiles or weapons held at Comox, BC, or at any other site in Canada?

Hon. James Richardson (Minister of National Defence): Mr. Speaker, none of our aircraft are equipped

with nuclear missiles, but we do have in storage, and this has been public knowledge for several years, nuclear missiles at Comox and at the other bases from which our interceptor squadrons take off.

Whether or not it is within our power, considering the NORAD agreement, to send these warheads back to the United States is in my opinion a moot point which may lead to further debate. There can, however, be no doubt that we still have atomic warheads on Canadian soil.

ALLAN MCKINNON, MP  
FOR VICTORIA

## Purdybad, Purdy good

Al Purdy's article on *The Apes of South Africa* (April) is far below the dignity of *Mailweek*. I have visited the country myself recently. It seems that the author wanted to give a distorted picture in order to influence your readers unfavorably.

He should have told us that apartheid is disappearing very rapidly. I was in areas together with blacks, in elevators together with blacks, in parks together with blacks. And further, what nonsense it is to say that South Africa is a police state while there is freedom of the press. Did you ever hear of such a police state? The article is slanted and full of half-truths.

The problem of different races within one country is huge. Can the author name any one country where it is solved? We may disagree with South Africa, but at least they try.

D. FARMENHOUT, HAMILTON, ONT.

I am sure many Canadians appreciated the fine article by Al Purdy in *The Apes of South Africa*. I hope that Al Purdy will be able to follow that up by investigating how

Canadian firms are helping that situation by the purchasing of goods from South Africa where the Apartheid of South Africa operates industries at what amounts to slavery and serfdom. I believe the Canadian people need to know so they can at least do something right here at home to show their disapproval of Canadian endorsement of the systematic destruction of a common race and people.

RAY DUNFEE LEE WORLDIE,  
DUNSMILLER, ALTA.

## Ballet high

I thoroughly enjoyed *LIVING The Circle On The National Ballet* (April). It is wonderful when there is somebody as beautiful and talented as Karina Kain to show us that ballet dancers are human. Some dancers may be stiffly. However, I like Karina. She is a real person.

CHARLES SLANE, WESTERN BAY, Nfld.

## Pins and needles

I read with interest the article *Was Fern About Acupuncture* (May).

It should be pointed out that the present regulations in Canada regarding acupuncture vary from province to province. For example, Manitoba recently recognized acupuncture as a medical treatment and has authorized physicians to practice and charge a fee for it as they would any other medical procedure. Ontario, on the other hand, will maintain that acupuncture is an experimental procedure without any real justification for this action and has inhibited doctors from taking up the study and practice of acupuncture but have instead shadowed this field to pathological scepticism. These scepticisms are proliferating rapidly and charge whatever the traffic will bear.

Not everything in medicine can be explained scientifically and yet it is said. For example, why Aspirin works is not clearly understood and yet it is one of the oldest and most commonly used drugs in medicine.

By comparison, acupuncture is far less harmful than Aspirin.

The Acupuncture Foundation of Canada was recently formed by medical doctors to promote the practice, teaching and research of acupuncture, as well as to inform the public and medical professions in this field.

We are making every effort to see that acupuncture is accepted as open as a useful medical therapy practiced by physicians to the proper ethical manner in Canada.

ELIZ CULS MD, TORONTO  
continued on page 16

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## Follow that dream

Judging by criticism I have read and heard from the ranks of the CBC version of Pierre D'Amboise's two books, *The National Dream* and *The Last Spike*, Canadian critics must be so addicted to Hollywood programs they can't enjoy the Canadian TV series as an interesting documentary on a segment of Canadian history—and not an American western.

I, for one, am enjoying both the TV series and the books very much indeed.

LOREN SORHAN, MONTREAL

## Remember the Citadel

The Peter Bay article (April) in the *Citadel* Theatre at Edmonton, Alberta, with the typical disdain shown by most of Toronto's so-called drama critics (with the notable exception of the late Nathan Cohen) in dealing with our particular institution.

Peter Bay gives columns of space to the programs at other theatres but dismisses the *Citadel* with the following statement: "Edmonton isn't Stratford, of course."

If they even bothered to visit our theatre, we were certainly not aware of it. Perhaps that is why he had to settle for, outside of conceding that "the *Citadel* Theatre is sold out in advance" which incidentally read in itself proves something!

JOSEPH B. SMOCK, EDMONTON  
Peter Bay is a resident of Vancouver.

## Blood, sweat & cheers

As a lifelong fan of the sport with a background both in management and labor, I must point a glare (as Porter's article *Used War Hrd* [May]) which analyzes an already much abused industry.

This craft is thousands of years old. At one time the person who could work with damp soil and clay and melt copper and bronze was looked upon as possessing supernatural powers—a hero in the mythical sense of the word. And it is still fascinating today to the uninitiated and veterans alike. Sure, there are hellholes—particularly the fields of management inertia, partly because of your attitude by shocky workmen—but there are also many that are a credit to the industry and its traditions.

Let Ian Porter go into one of these shops and see the wonder of creating a useful article through the magic of the refining fire.

BOB A. BERRY, PARIS, ONT.

The experience that a year in a four-

dry (affixed on me) are so personally overwhelming that even months afterwards I still find it difficult to explain to my wife the full meaning of *Used War Hrd*.

Thank you, Ian Porter, you have helped.

B. BARRON, WINNIPEG

## What lies ahead?

I have just read *Now We Live To Love About Sex* (March) and am surprised to find that these women are now safely behind us.

You were exposing the bad old ways of the past and then not likely to cause controversy. I now challenge you to a rather more arduous task!

The thought struck me that the same ignorance and misunderstanding once concerning sex is now being displayed regarding the use of drugs.

The findings of the Ledeen Commission and information contained in the book *Fast And Furious Drugs by the Government*. Unless in the U.S. have not moved the publicity they deserve; and the general information fed to the public is still in as way better than what the Rev. Arthur Rall dispensed in former days.

So please make it start on this vital problem—which should also include alcohol and nicotine addiction, two powerful and dangerous drugs, often considered socially acceptable.

BARB ZILL, WINNIPEG, QUE.

## Heather and yawn

Now that Heather Robertson has devoted a column to *Grand Prix Wrestling* (May), I look forward to seeing other reputable television programs reviewed. Children's cartoon shows, adult-oriented soap operas and similar garbage and significant artistic works should always be given priority by your reviewers. There is no comparison between that vivid, colorful description of an alleged wrestling match and the hundreds of interesting, informative and entertaining programs that your reviewer could choose from.

Your book reviews are not of genre books, the music reviews are not of generic music. Why must the television reviews always descend to the level of the public (and most people already associate with the medium)?

JEFFERY D. KIRKMAN, TORONTO

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO Macdon's MAGAZINE, Four Pines, 480 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.



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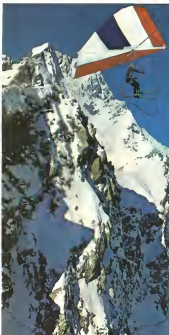
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## "Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



"With 18 feet of wall in my wings—I, a rather jittery Jeff Laskin from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. At 10,000 feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome, Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was soaring toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet on a perfect glide, when my kite about took the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly downdraft."



"My wings wild maneuvering and swooping into smooth air. I stepped into smooth air. As I soared, I grimly remembered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall."



"That evening, at The Rotorua Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club. It seems a barren service, C.C. 'Welcome you. More people appreciate the gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—The Best In The House'—in 87 lands."



*Canadian Club*

Canadian Club is first and foremost in Whisky with by Hugh Martin & Sons Limited

## Doing justice to Bora Laskin

*The new Chief Justice is neither radical nor liberal—but as a man of reason*

BY JOHN GAULT

Nine years ago fiery Arthur, now dead, of law at Osgoode Hall, a former student of Bora Laskin and then as now a friend and advisor, was travelling by cab through Thunder Bay (the past was then Port Arthur) when he visited the Laskin family's furniture store. He asked the cabdriver if he remembered Bora, who had just been appointed to the Ontario Court of Appeal. "Oh yeh," the cabdriver replied. "I know Bora. He was a terrific bullfighter. I wonder what ever happened to him."

On January 3, 1974, in the last act performed by retiring Governor General Roland Michener, Bora Laskin was sworn in as chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. That sort of thing in Canada has traditionally elicited little or no public attention: we've rarely had coroners, really, to even think about the Supreme Court of Canada—even those of us who fervently watch the drama of appointment and dismissal regularly provided by the Supreme Court of the United States. But this appointment was different.

First, Bora Laskin was controversial. This was because of innovative decisions he'd made as a labor dispute arbiter in the 1950s and early 1960s, and because of the (often accurate) charge that he'd rendered on highly publicized cases in his five years on the Ontario Court of Appeal and during three years on the Supreme Court, and because of his well-reported views on civil rights and lack of conviction in the courts and the sublimity (to many) of the Canadian federalism. To liberals, he was a civil libertarian and trade unionist; to conservatives, Laskin had evolved as a pro-conservative folk hero, perhaps the preeminent one of a handful in Canadian history, at least we're not a people—unlike the Americans—who have had legal folk heroes such as Holmes and Brandeis, Frankfurter and Cardozo. In Bora Laskin we discovered one.

Second, Laskin's old was a junior member of the Supreme Court and, though the tradition had been broken twice previously, the normal precedent was for the senior judge of the court to replace the retiring chief justice. In this case, Mr. Justice Roskill Marland would normally have succeeded Chief Justice Girdell Fauriol. There was no reason for Laskin to believe he would be given the post, other than the fact that his law he was being considered for it by Prime Minister Trudeau and Justice Minister Otto Lang. But on December 27, Marland visited Laskin in his office at the Supreme Court Building and reached out his hand to congratulate the new chief justice. Lang had just told him, told him first, which was a direct and conspicuous way of handing a delicate situation. Later in the day, the Prime Minister telephoned Laskin and made it official.

Third, Laskin had a reputation, developed over two decades in his speeches and in his writings and in his teaching, of being a federalist—a strong believer in the constitution and supremacy of the federal government—and this seemed in particular's rankle in Alberta, which is not merely Manitoba's border province but also one which may find itself in the Supreme Court leading the federal government on the question

of the right to determine oil policy. H. G. Field, president of the Law Society of Alberta, was quoted in a Canadian Press story on January 3: "It was a political move designed to strengthen the federal government in confrontation with the provinces. I think the move was politically inspired."

On December 31, the Toronto Star was carrying this and headline on the top of page one: now comes another chief justice's appointment. The story, without direct quotation, suggested that the leadership of the legal profession was disappointed that some other members of the Supreme Court were emboldened and taking of resignation and that even members of the cabinet were apologetic.

It doesn't surprise me, in light of the circumstances and of Laskin's reputation, that such a fuss would develop. (Nor does it surprise me that it died so quickly as it was born.) In the legal profession in Canada particularly, conservatism—even reaction—is less dismissed almost exclusively, and rarely has a man of even slightly divergent values been appointed to any high, much less the highest, one. Such judges, even if only occasionally do they make references to social priorities and allegiances from the bench and upholding letters of the law, become generally suspect as liberals and radicals. Bora Laskin has been called both, and in the context of the legal profession, and particularly the benches of Canada, I suppose the terms apply. But in a modern social context—at least in the one I inhabit—they are misleading.

Clyde K. R. K. Laskin, a lawyer, lawyer, lawyer and activist who has argued cases before Laskin. "Laskin is not a liberal, not a conservative, not a radical; as a political speculator he goes off over the place. He almost seems to speak a string of judgments which would characterize him."

Rail Jeffrey, Toronto alderman, lawyer, politician and former Laskin's minister. "Most judges were as one's best successful lawyers representing wealthy clients, or they were important figures in one of the two major political parties. Laskin is refreshing because of his academic background, he is not big-brother—and I'm not saying any judge is, but it appears that was from him as one's best successful lawyer."

Laskin also became known, especially as the extremely conservative Ontario Court of Appeal, as a Great Dissenter. The newspapers, believing their own lies, repeatedly proclaimed that he dissented from the majority 80% of the time. But a Toronto lawyer named Doug Pappan spent the months to discover the truth and found the percentage down to 16, a bit more accurate.

But of course Bora Laskin is different. He always has been. He's always put justice above the letter of the law and he's always considered the law as a valuable social tool, something useful and vital in society's development. Without compromising the need for the rule of law, rather than the rule of men, he's used to shape, interpret and fence the law into answers for contemporary problems it is not to him millions of words in hundreds of books, but a living thing. And he's tried, not always successfully, to make it so. — continued on page 42

# How the CIA has us spooked

"Canada is far too deeply and often blindly mixed up with the Central Intelligence Agency"

BY BILL MACADAM AND JAMES R. DUBRO

The explosion shattered the silence of early morning Montreal, rupturing a gaping hole out of the top floor of a commercial building at 5737 Metropolitan Road, in the city's north end. The walls of the building buckled and bits of broken concrete and chunks of glass rained down on the street 12 stories below. Miraculously, no one was walking along the street at the time, but there was a casualty: a man was found lying in the wreckage with his leg blown off. "We got him straight off to the hospital, but he died," an investigating police officer said at the time. "We don't know anything about him, whether he was a Canadian or a Cuban."

He was a Cuban, 35 years old, named Sergio Perez, and he worked in the Cuban Trade Mission where the blast occurred, although what he was doing there at 12:45 on the morning of Tuesday, April 4, 1972, isn't clear. Nor was he alone.

The police were the first to arrive. They broke into the building and made their way to the twelfth floor, and it was at that moment that the thing became an international incident: for the police were confronted by an Cuban, three of them armed with submachine guns, and the others burning documents as fast as they could. The Cubans, and one police officer, appeared to be afraid that secret files would fall into their hands. Inspector Leopold Ray said later that the men were not interested in the files. "We came . . . to investigate a bombing and a murder," he said.

The police did the only thing they could and arrested the Cubans. They appeared in court much later that day after frantic consultations between lawyers for prosecution and defense and External Affairs department officials. Three of the Cubans were charged with illegal possession of weapons and obstructing a police officer; three were charged only with obstructing. They were ordered to appear the following week to have a trial date set. One of the Cubans was said to have punched a police inspector on the nose.

Almost immediately Cuban Premier Fidel Castro issued a stinging complaint charging that the Montreal police had used "brutal and fascist" methods. Officials in External Affairs would say only that the police had acted within their rights as long as the Cuban Trade Mission did not enjoy consular status, as would have been the case with an embassy. The matter was being examined by External Affairs legal department. A statement was issued by Acting External Affairs Minister C. M. Drury denying the claim of Sergio Perez's leg igniting, for the moment, Castro's complaint of police "aggression."

The following day Drury, still in his role as acting minister, apologized to Cuban Ambassador Jose Fernandez de Castro for the "injustice" of police, and he offered to pay the Cuban government's damages. Meanwhile he representatives were inside to the Quebec authorities to have the charges dropped.

The bombing was attributed to an anti-Castro organization of Cuban immigrants called Young Cubans. An External Affairs spokesman told reporters, "I assume a [the bombing] would have been done by anti-Castro elements that are active throughout North America." Such people had in the past

charged that the Trade Mission was cover and headquarters for Cuban secret police activities in both Canada and the U.S. that we went to learn from intelligence officials that Young Cubans had the support of not the convenience of the CIA.

During the next months that we spent researching the television documentary *The Fifth Enemy*, and after learning to intelligence officials in both Canada and the U.S., we became convinced that Canada is far too deeply and often blindly mixed up with the Central Intelligence Agency. We have learned, for example, that it was low-level cooperation between Canadian intelligence and the CIA that provided the impetus for the clandestine operation aimed at getting into the Cuban Trade Mission files and getting copies of them into the hands of the CIA. We have learned that the RCMP will trace time to time, "run" a CIA agent's clandestine activities in Canada as partial payment for a trackload of largely useless intelligence data sent to Ottawa from the sprawling CIA complex in Virginia.

It is a source of this modern day cloak-and-dagger world that the people in it tend to become suspicious and resentful to a painful degree. This comes out in a tendency to equate the mildest criticism of intelligence activities as downright subversive, and anything approaching concern as a threat to national security. During the time we spent tracking down and talking with intelligence people we wondered whether we were becoming victims of the what we began to suspect our intelligence had been tapped. It was almost a relief when an Ottawa consultant confirmed that they had indeed been tapped and he was thoroughly familiar with what we were about. At this point it became utterly uninteresting.

We learned this from Walter Lorynski, head of the Privacy Council, an activist on privacy, who said in a two-hour interview that "there's not a call you've made to report in that that we aren't aware of."

William H. Kelly, now 63, retired four years ago as deputy commissioner in charge of the RCMP's Security and Intelligence division. He is, for the most part, affable and engaging in an interview, but he is forever agitated and confused and extremely defensive about the RCMP's role in intelligence work. He has a fierce loyalty and pride in the force and its name. Communion as a real factor. Defense means nothing to him, and he is right in his view. Kelly told us in a lengthy and warring interview that he was dismissed his resignation in the face of what he considered improper and unusual pressure from someone in the Prime Minister's Office. He refused to tell precisely what had been requested or under what government, and at no time did he say that the Prime Minister himself was behind it, but said that an aide had come from the PMO to see him and to make the request. Kelly was irritated and told the aide he would not rise. *Continued on page 42*

A Montreal detective during the aftermath of an explosion at the Cuban Trade Mission in 1972. The bombing was aimed at getting copies of secret Cuban files into the hands of the CIA.





## Misadventures in the skin trade

Inside every mild-mannered 35-year-old writer is a sexual adventurer dying to get out

BY JOHN HOPFESS

**L**ook up Dove Street in Vancouver. Read the personal columns of the *Ozama Journal*. Pick up a copy of the provocatively illustrated French-language publication, *Échange de Plaisance* (Goucher or Swinger Canadian in Montreal). Canada is currently in the throes and the threshold of a profound sexual and psychological change.

Signs of the times, in Ontario, it takes less than a five-minute walk to go from the Parliament Buildings to an all-night strip house. In Toronto, at last count there were 18 "body rub" parlors in operation offering "the ultimate" in massage; every night only two of them even discuss their rules solely on "skin flicks" for an inch-loud, while Toronto and Montreal each support about a dozen.

Every Canadian city worth its salt supports its residents stocked with copies of *Playboy*, *On*, *Puck*, *Play* and *Playboy* (As one radio newscaster put it, hawking the news gruffly but lewdly to his listeners: "Well folks, I've just seen the latest issue of *Playboy*. And it can't just be Tom and Harry anymore.")

To find out what is happening in Canada one has to go out into the streets. There is a new life being born there not yet much reported or understood. There is substantial change, but is any of it progress?

To answer part of the answers I visited three Canadian cities recently—Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver—to take the sexual temperature of our present society. These are my adventures in the skin trade.

"Hey Leslee! We've got a Charger!" the cabaret bays from her booth at In's, in Vancouver. That night I say to myself: is going to make some time, happy something. I try to imagine living with it. It isn't just the thrill that is off-putting, but the realization that few ideas, and certainly no noble ones could out such a pursuing noise as their vehicle. Her face becomes, winking up for the fast-food push of a second shot.

"Hey Leslee! Get down here!" Then she goes back to driving her gaze. Leslee looks at the card at me, and decides by some math sense that we belong together. "You want a table for two?" He motions to go follow, leaving behind a second trail—my pants. His *Katana* or *Brat* Maybe it's just the lovely mixture of cologne, deodorant, hair spray, foot powder and genital sweat that every young playboy around some courtesan adores.

There's a strip bar in progress. He doesn't even glance at the girl I do and he grabs my arm as if to say, Leslee I haven't got all night, fella.

It isn't a case of if you've seen one stripper you've seen them all. Leslee, she sees them all. A male stripper, tall, long, her bottom with a further duster seem to be remarkable to him as mopping a floor. His forehead with the ripple is probably coated by this time, and he can't come in to sleep.

"This okay?" he asks, with a vacuum behind the eyes, pointing to a two-seater booth set in the back of the room, with a strip wedge of a table.

Saturday night at In's is the loudest show in town. Most of the strip joints (The Factory, Stratos, The Pavilion and others) are located on main streets crowded with people of diverse objectives (most of them shady, some of them criminal) who bubble in groups or in doorways looking for an easy mark.

In's is located, with a touch of irony, on West Georgia in the heart of Vancouver's business district. It is eminently respectable, its clientele mostly young and middle-aged couples, students, a crowd of young housewives waiting up to casual infidelity provided that the likelihood of opportunity do indeed knock, and the likelihood of prevalence do indeed fall to the ground.

A waitress who takes it with interest in her job at the minimum wage appears, takes out order for drinks. A "Blue" and a "30." Within five minutes we get two mugs of lukewarm whiskey. The next stripper, Wendy— it couldn't have appeared— is not a featured act like the other girls, but filler. Even the band takes a break when she's on. She dances, instead to jazz music. The other girls have costumes

with sequins, rhinestones and ostrich feathers, in gear like a dancer forth like strutting her stuff. Wendy starts off with a dressy looking *Katana* or *Brat* Maybe it's just the lovely mixture of cologne, deodorant, hair spray, foot powder and genital sweat that every young playboy around some courtesan adores. There's a strip bar in progress. He doesn't even glance at the girl I do and he grabs my arm as if to say, Leslee I haven't got all night, fella.

It isn't a case of if you've seen one stripper you've seen them all. Leslee, she sees them all. A male stripper, tall, long, her bottom with a further duster seem to be remarkable to him as mopping a floor. His forehead with the ripple is probably coated by this time, and he can't come in to sleep.

"This okay?" he asks, with a vacuum behind the eyes, pointing to a two-seater booth set in the back of the room, with a strip wedge of a table. Saturday night at In's is the loudest show in town. Most of the strip joints (The Factory, Stratos, The Pavilion and others) are located on main streets crowded with people of diverse objectives (most of them shady, some of them criminal) who bubble in groups or in doorways looking for an easy mark. In's is located, with a touch of irony, on West Georgia in the heart of Vancouver's business district. It is eminently respectable, its clientele mostly young and middle-aged couples, students, a crowd of young housewives waiting up to casual infidelity provided that the likelihood of opportunity do indeed knock, and the likelihood of prevalence do indeed fall to the ground.

A waitress who takes it with interest in her job at the minimum wage appears, takes out order for drinks. A "Blue" and a "30." Within five minutes we get two mugs of lukewarm whiskey.

The next stripper, Wendy— it couldn't have appeared— is not a featured act like the other girls, but filler. Even the band takes a break when she's on. She dances, instead to jazz music. The other girls have costumes with sequins, rhinestones and ostrich feathers, in gear like a dancer forth like strutting her stuff. Wendy starts off with a dressy looking *Katana* or *Brat* Maybe it's just the lovely mixture of cologne, deodorant, hair spray, foot powder and genital sweat that every young playboy around some courtesan adores.

about five more minutes to beat the most into manicured submission for satisfying. One cheaps on like a tobacco plug.

There's a vintagey redneck on stage quavering stoned Randy, whose specialty is turning her breast muscles in opposite circular motions. She could feed a nation (and she has).

If I asked my friend what it is that we are seeing here, he might well reply: "The exploitation of women." But what strikes me about Randy's relationship with her audience is how much they appreciate her. Every kick, every wiggle, and big-eyed Raunch look is warmly and deeply received. Stroke of her body, with her lips parted looking panted with desire, as she gives each from-eye view is with-you-wish have glance that it is supposed to be depriving. They love it, so does she, she has power over all of them. What we're watching here is the worship of women. It's the temple of Aphrodite moved through space and time to downtown Vancouver, and even though the temple has been invaded by money changers, a good portion of the emb-mother magic remains. For whole moments at least, Randy is a deity, stripped bare but never of dignity.

The show's over. Some people file out. Everybody seems quite satisfied, it's been a pleasantly absurd evening. On the way out we run into a group of two dozen, one of whom is wearing a ball and chain. They're hunting extra money in an old ritual (the stag party, the night before). They don't seem to notice that there isn't any money anymore. The stripper they're going in to see isn't some fashionable woman, some digne delight. Try as they might to feel the old silent thrill of overwhelming excitement of seeing the unseeable, thinking the unthinkable and maybe even touching the forbidden floor and imagining, with unseeable-verging fantasy, that God is dismounting or that moment once of the sexual furnace has just crumbled in. They come out of place like fly's feeling who's home. What a lifetime! And worst of all when Charlie goes married tomorrow. He'll tell his wife everything, but tomorrow tonight and she'll understand. What a drag.

All it takes to join the sexual revolution is 25 cents.

At least for starters.  
That buys a copy of *TAB*.  
*TAB* is a Toronto "sexual diary" in which the scandals don't matter in the least. They're just filler. Even though the tales appear for attention (FATHER, SON AND DAUGHTER FIGHTED IN TEST FOR ROSE OF TEEN AGED PREGNANT, BATTERED WORKER HOVOLA NEAR AMBIGUITY) and are based on actual court proceedings. The last three pages of each weekly issue of *TAB* are devoted to sex in sex

as culture, sex as the late worst than death. Here are stories of hookers hooded and gosses cooked, served up in pricy dreadful prose. (Nancy smug her hands, joined her head on her ample bosom heaving with unexpended emotion and subbed as the judge found her guilty of the heading charge!) and with a "moral" assembly that was the height of fashion in 1930.

But then, with zipper speed *TAB* changes its tune in its remaining 13 pages. Here one finds sex at the great level of mankind. Doyen was a "sensuous body rob" then said Yvesette as the Toronto number. Do you want "a plant phony"? Then write to the box number in Prince Albert Saskatchewan ("We're busy and beautiful and we show it all") Are you in the market for a vibrator, a vibrator, a dildo, and other sexual aids? Then you can write to dis-

tribute in Downtown Ontario.

Finally getting down to the sixty-five there is *TAB's* Dancin' Club: a four-page section of personal ads in small print, an average of 100 to 130 in the "Ladies" or couple section; 130 to 150 in the "Gentlemen's" section. Each advertisement costs three dollars to place and is assigned a code number. Each answer to an ad costs one dollar with *TAB* advertising the dollars and acting as a confidential telephone for all the photos and letters.

There was a time not long ago when a service such as the Dancin' Club would be and only by the desperate, the publically lonely, but the current advertisers are the most part young and unashamedly sexual.

A-6033 Am looking for a very handsome girl to share our work in business in Northern Ontario. Age 16-22. Must

like camping and be unashamedly adventurous only.

B-5506 My husband and I desire to meet boys who would like to have Marianne with us in a trailer. She 28, blonde, experienced. Wife lives in Toronto, 118 lbs. Single ladies also considered. Marianne

A-6034 Two young men, 22 and 24, good looking and well built. Both free-lance 19. 150 lbs. Very open minded. Both are and clean drivers. Well-versed in all aspects. We would like to meet some well-off and generous ladies. No banner. Both have letters of recommendation and are free to travel. We are very sincere and expect the same. Please no males. Victoria, BC

B-5175 Young attractive model team. He 22, five-foot-10, 160 lbs. She 20, 125 lbs., 36" 24" 34". Will pose for any type of photo including bondage, single or

couple. Also like to meet passive and dominant singles or couples. All replies answered. Toronto

B-5487 Couple in 20s want to meet well-endowed males for themselves. Must be clean and virile. Wife lives in Toronto, 118 lbs. Single ladies also considered. Marianne

B-5488 Attractive married couple, both tall and slim, in late 20s who enjoy travel and the arts would like to meet similar couple for evening. Also would like to meet attractive female or male for themselves. Photo appreciated and discussion wanted. Montreal area.

A-6160 Black is beautiful and powerful baby! Get what a takes to get it on! Keroseneable young, broad-shouldered, attractive and energetic woman, matured male for living relationship. Together we'll reach new heights. TORONTO AND OTHER AREAS

With roughly 200 ads to choose from weekly *TAB* is a veritable meat market.

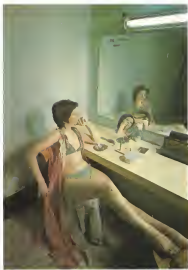
I began imagining how I might word one: "Film critic looking for someone to lose it at the movies with..." I was so accustomed to looking at myself from a usually critical angle I didn't know what to say. Many of the other ads advertised themselves as a Master of Diffidence, a Girl, good-looking, well-endowed, virile! and so on. I couldn't resist. I wrote: "I am a 15-year-old building writer who supports his mother and does other not things" wouldn't exactly finger a stampede of teenagers in my direction. That alone wouldn't earn a lick. What you're getting is a product, a hard-to-get product in a ghetto market of well-bred Adolescents. Maybe the humorous approach: "Outside I may look like Woody Allen, but inside I feel like Cary Grant."

While working on the problem of how to present myself, I studied the other ads further. There were terms that puzzled me: "I dig all cultures" and one of "With fond of all um," asserted another. "French and Greek sex specialists," said another. What wonderfully sophisticated people! I thought: multifaceted, widely read no doubt.

"Get tips, want to play?" That sounded silly. Occasionally one would encounter an even bolder ad, referring to "sexual training" or B & D (bondage and discipline), S & M (which means not only sadomasochistic sex, but slave-master relationship in which the master of domination vint and even one that asked for domination of 100 weeks—the analyzer the better). Gradually I learned the swinger's lingo: "TV" meant transsexuals, "boys" meant anything from virgins to whores, those French and Greek "lads" and "ladies" referred to and used and "base" meant uncommitted and "well-end" was abbreviation of "endowed." I began feeling slightly sophisticated, clapping a "French sicker" was conversation firm and short, or casually mentioning that "NY 'orgs' go" now came in individual handbooks.

To test *TAB's* drawing power I drew up two ads. One for a friend Patricia Murphy on an interview with CITY-TV, which read: "What's a new girl like me doing in a place like this? First ad: I'm 25 attractive and broad-minded. Looking for young men who know or wish to learn how to turn a woman on. You won't be disappointed." She received her first reply within three days.

For reply, I shadowed all responses, anonymous at best (Fred didn't die in vain) "Younger women, worldly minded, sophisticated and efficient, seeks erotic adventures with attractive women and couples of similar breeding and taste. We'll drink." I received on page 36



Backstage at Skimm's Marina's. Bizarre acts that put more barflies out of business.



Nepenthe's Eye Where couples are plunk, girls subtle and the customer is always right.

# Mortal courage

*Living a day at a time with cancer*

BY KELLY SVEINSON

If you had looked over my shoulder in January of 1962, you would have seen first, a 39-year-old man, happily married, father of four children, living in a comfortable home, with a summer cottage at a nearby lake. For the past three years I had been a partner in a thriving Winnipeg advertising and sales promotion business, with a promising future. My health was excellent. I liked golf, swimming, fishing. I enjoyed parties and was a good storyteller. My reputation as a public speaker was growing and I had made several appearances in the business community.

At the point I took my health for granted, I was used to long hours of work and play. I had never been ill except for the usual childhood diseases, and my only experience with a hospital was for appendix removal in 1952.

Yet, just a few short weeks, it was to hear some news that would make my world go topsy-turvy. I learned that I was a victim of Hodgkin's disease, a rare form of cancer.

On the morning of February 7, 1962, I awoke with a pain in my left arm and shoulder. I had trouble getting dressed, could breathe and driving to work. I phoned the doctor and saw him the same afternoon. Somewhere I had read about heart attacks, the early symptoms of which included heaviness of the left arm. "So that's it," I thought. "Well, they'll know how to fix that, I'm sure. Maybe some pills and rest. Working too hard, probably."

But that theory was quickly destroyed. "Your heart sounds fine," said the doctor. "No trouble there. But while you're here, let's get a blood sample and see if there's anything else going on."

The pain in my arm had gone, and the doctor's comment was "just a muscle spasm."

I was low later for a blood sample at the laboratory, so I came back the next day. Following that I made an appointment with the doctor for the next afternoon (day three of the search). When I saw him he looked puzzled.

"Your white count is very high," he said. "The white cells are the disease fighters. There's something going on that I haven't spotted, or maybe we goofed at the lab. We'll hear on a repeat."

And we did. I went back in the doctor two days later to find him all puzzled. The white count was all high for so apparent reason. Now came a hint of confusion. "You are tired and all the rest of it." "How's the appetite? Any movement?" "Sure, quite!" "Coughing or spitting?" "No and no." "Had women to all of them, but none that helped him solve the mystery of the blood count. Finally, the doctor decided that I'd have to have thorough X-rays of my chest."

There was more waiting for appointments, more delay trying to find time with busy overworked people. The days passed into weeks. Finally, another doctor, a specialist, was brought in.

The specialist's decision for my next move startled me. "I want you in hospital for a few days," he said. "We'll do some minor surgery near your collarbone." He explained that the surgery would give them a sample of tissue. But he couldn't (or wouldn't) tell me what he was looking for.

Three weeks went by, three weeks of appointments, waiting rooms, tests and more tests — without my knowing what was wrong. Following the surgery, which did turn out to be fairly routine, it was confirmed that the doctor knew what was wrong. It was the fifth week of waiting, but still they wouldn't tell me what the problem was.

While I was waiting for my correct diagnosis I did play a second guessing. In all my guessing one error did I think of: cancer. At Hodgkin's disease, a name that I'd never heard of. The name was so obscure. With the help of my surgery I discovered a great deal about Dr. Thomas Hodgkin and the cancer he discovered.

The day after my test, March 20, 1962, I was in my hospital room, heavily taped around the chest and shoulder. My wife and her mother were visiting me and we were chatting about the children. Dr. William Kurland, the internal medicine specialist, decided to be my man for the next eight years, come in.

"Are you able to walk with me to a meeting room across the hall?" he asked. I was. We were now in private. There was no snail walk or beating around the bush. It was time to put all the cards on the table. He began "All the tests confirm that you have Hodgkin's disease, which is a rare form of cancer."

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time he is spending my problem.

I was frightened and confused by all the new information and such scientific words as "lymphatic," "nodes," "radiation therapy," "chemotherapy." The doctor was professional and humane. "We'll see your wife soon or later," he said.

"Right now," I answered. "She's in this with me and should know from the start." And throughout my long illness my wife never let me down.

My treatment involved chemotherapy, treatment with drugs and exposure to radioactive cobalt, the process called radiotherapy. I took these treatments as a companion and when they first began they depressed me so much I felt that I was marked in a special way, and I didn't like it.

In radiation treatment it is important to make sure (but you go after the affected areas of the body without exposing the healthy adjacent parts). So it is necessary that the cancer area be marked very carefully. Then the doctor decides the size of the area and its location. Thus they take some x-rayable purple ink and outline the exact field to be treated. This field is not to be washed during the course of treatment, and has to be kept dry with long sleeves gowning daily. The dyed areas ensure that radiation which would mean an early halt to the treatment and their completion at a later date. In total, I was a "marked man" for 38 days.

As you can see it was a necessary evil and a small price to pay to the extent of getting better. But small things can become big things, and many times it was to find myself blowing the whistle on my own life — especially when someone noticed my purple marks, which sometimes showed as my collar.

If you are being harassed from health to ask — if you receive the shock of a serious disease — the number one rule seems to be to adapt in the new way of life. My adjustment took place fairly early in the game, but it was an unusual process, one that I kept to myself. I admit to not knowing, though, that a necessary part of adjusting is to adjust to others, openly and simply. "Yes, I have cancer and here's what I'm doing about it..." My hope is that by facing the facts in this way and telling my story, I can help someone in the same situation.

My cancer has been a gradual and sometimes uncomfortable process, spread over a number of years. In the beginning, I was very careful in picking the ones to share the information.

My strategy was based on the fact that surrounds the word cancer, a fact that goes back many years to when the disease was first named. The word cancer is derived from the Greek word *karkinos*, however, great studies have been made to locate the first. Research into the cause of cancer and the development of techniques of treatment are both the subject of an immense effort, perhaps the most vigorous in medical research.

In my case the gradual process of facing the facts and telling the whole truth about cancer has been influenced by three main factors.

First of all, there has been my personal, year after year, that I still have the disease. It is not going to go away by itself and I cannot pretend to make this big.

Secondly, the reaction of people when I first told them has been, without exception, one of sympathy and understanding. In most cases they ask, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Thirdly, the public knows more about the disease now than it did a few short years ago. You hear from people who say, "Yes, I've been a cancer patient for seven years now. You learned to live with it and I will have a good life. I know that cancer can be beaten." This kind of testimony has helped me to come out into the open.

As I continue to live with cancer, three elements play a part: optimism, itself and God.

Finally, I have complete confidence in my medical team, not only in the two doctors, but also in the thousands of professionals around the world who are trying to beat cancer.

Secondly, I have discovered techniques — mental games, goals, affirmations — that are effective in helping me to live with cancer. The belief that I can win — call it mind over matter, faith or positive thinking — has worked for me and it will keep on working for me.

This idea is not uniquely my own. In the 1920s a Psychiatrist, Elsie Clark, developed a form of word therapy to help people who came to his clinic. He drew on statistics and asked his patients to examine it and repeat it to themselves often. "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

Following Clark's example, writing a positive statement of my own has helped me as my life again comes. My program of written affirmations has two parts: short-range statements to meet specific problems and long-range goals that help to give me hope and the confidence that I can live a long fruitful life. For example, short-range affirmations:

Problem: sleep will not come. I am getting the late-night sleep. Affirmation: I am alive and content. I hear the sounds of the night. I will be happy tomorrow, tonight, and every day. My body will sleep when it is ready.

Problem: I am being treated in hospital; things are low. Affirmation: I am walking in the window every day. I enjoy my arms and do small exercises. My energy increases a little bit each day.

Problem: It is hard to find suitable ways for intervention. Affirmation: I relax my body, serving from the last. I am in a more relaxed state. I am calm and confident.

Problem: My appetite is poor. Affirmation: I am enjoying some of the morning. I am nibbling at fruit and jelly. I take nourishment daily to help my body.

Problem: The hours of the day, whether in hospital or convalescing at home, pass so slowly. Affirmation: I focus on the day as small pieces. I do little chores, write letters, make phone calls, read, share with friends, or take a bath. My day is productive and passes easily.

Long-range affirmations: Problem — beat cancer. Affirmation: my body is functioning smoothly, efficiently, naturally.

Finally, I believe that God will help me and be his.

Upon hearing my doctor's diagnosis, one of my first reactions was "Why me?" It strikes only one in 30,000. Why did I choose me? I have seen to myself with this risk in the context of my point of view of life in general. I believe there is orderliness in our universe, a cause-and-effect relationship that goes beyond the laws governing the physical world. In other words, no matter what happens to me (the effect) there must be a reason (the cause).

This belief has given me some help with the "Why me?" question. I say before bed, I may never know the reason, or cause. It is too mysterious for me. But if my story helps someone come to terms with their own cancer, then I will have accomplished something. If people join the crusade for greater public awareness so that we can help make that phrase "cancer can be beaten" come true, then my mission will have served a purpose. I've have made a "job" out of a "mission" condition.

"No one who has a cancer will live cancer." Kelly Svenson wrote in the forward to his book, *Learning To Live With Cancer* (from which this article is excerpted). "To them I extend my deepest sympathy. To all patients I say, 'Keep up the fight, as the odds are in your favor.' To all survivors, whether it be just a week, a year, or more," Kelly Svenson wrote up his fight with Hodgkin's disease for 12 years, although the usual life expectancy is three to five years. A work after his book was published by Clarke, Irwin, Kelly Svenson died in Winnipeg of a disease he probably contracted during a visit to Jamaica and that his body was unable to fight off. At the time of his death, his doctors said he was the only remaining survivor of Hodgkin's disease who was a doctor, and the only one to live in the children. The cancer was under control.

# Teed off!

What did Johnny Miller ever do to Jack Nicklaus  
— besides winning all those golf tournaments?

BY JACK LUDWIG

**I**f or golfers, as for most other athletes, five years—or at most 10—as a generation. On the lone, light years seem to separate the oldest men—Arnold Palmer, 46; Miller Barber, Billy Casper, Gene Lister, all 43—from the younger—Burt Crumrine, 32; Larry Wadkins, Tom Watson and Jim Simons, 34; Jack Nicklaus, 35; and Johnny Miller, Jerry Heard, Herbert Green, Leonard Thompson, all 27. But the older players seem equally distant from Jack Nicklaus' generation—Nicklaus is 34, so is Lee Trevino, and Tom Wookup is only 31. Gary Player, 37, Bobby Nichols and Bruce Crampton, 38, seem to bridge the obvious gap between Palmer's "generation" and Nicklaus'.

The young pros stand by themselves. They seem misused, genuinely delighted when they are their contemporaries win a big tournament. They dress casually, not designer-casual: the way *we*, Jack Nicklaus does. They resemble dry-luck mop-top, wild and tender like Johnny Miller or short and compact like Larry Wadkins. If they often resemble it's something harder and probably a little supernatural, such as Johnny Miller's keeping his shot collar up all a tournament at over They lack big shoulders at the tee or on the green. They come under their heads at a missed shot, or refer to themselves as "you dumb fool" when a ball falls into the green or looks into a sand trap. They believe in the style season and with their heads—the college boy Johnny Miller, in the middle of a tournament, forgets about golf completely. In terms, UCLA is doing an NCAA basketball title! To someone from California it is much more in pointage than someone another they are Larry thousand bucks.

Most of the best winners will be playing in the Canadian Open at the Moosonee Golf and Country Club at Port Credit, Ontario, from July 25 to July 28. The purse for the event is \$200,000 (which should add 35 to 40% to any American's winnings). The Canadian Open has established itself among the 18 top tournaments on the tour, and as if to keep from its prominence, Jack Nicklaus himself is designing a permanent course on the site of the Glen Abbey Club property, northwest of the town of Oakville, Ontario, which will eventually be the home of the Canadian Open, the way Augusta, Georgia, hosts the Masters every year.

By far the fastest winner of the 1974 tour was Johnny Miller. In his 65th winning tournament at La Costa, California, in the middle of the final round, winning wasn't the only thing on his mind. Miller was upset by a United States Golfers Association color photograph players from using their own address in the U.S. Open. He looked on the hole as not simply wrong, or perhaps even dumb, but as "unacceptable." To dramatize his protest he gave his caddy, Andy Martinez, the car he won by being closest to the hole on the 16th green. On the 17th hole, and with Buddy Allen and John Mahaffey for the lead, Miller shook. "Boy, this would be a perfect time for a beautiful shade!"—that is, having the ball stop off right in the hole on the 18th.

On the first tee that morning, when I watched all the co-

ordinaries drive off. Miller was at ease. A Tournament of Champions sponsor said to him:

"Johnny, good luck. I hope you play good."

"To heck with play good," said Miller laughing. "I wanna score good."

He did score "good!" but not on the first nine of the final round—though it was an improvement over his first round score of 75 (lost to dead last). Miller shot even par, 36, for the morning round, which left him four strokes behind the 43-hole leader, Buddy Allen. His wife Linda, who had seen enough, took her two children, John, 3½, and Kelly, 1½, to the airport, heading north to Napa, California. By the time he got to the San Diego regional Johnny had won himself a car and by shooting a second nine of 31 the 1974 Tournament of Champions Golf officials, La Costa PG&A, Mutual of New York (which the La Costa Country Club, co-sponsors of the tournament) tried to get Linda back to La Costa for the presentation ceremony. Linda is pregnant.

"You have just got to be kidding," she said the people who paid her at the airport. "I am in pain and the kids back there just because Johnny was a half an hour late?" Copyrighted him for this. I'm going."

And Miller's winning five of 11 tournaments in 1974 (up to the end of April) is "a piece of cake." Winning the Tournament of Champions against the 34 best players on the tour is another type of cake, and so is the total Miller had earned by the end of April—\$100,077. Johnny was right, making a distinction between "play good" and "score good." He himself had made "no money even I couldn't believe it." A round of 73 is usually enough to eliminate a player from leading at the top of a tournament. Jack Nicklaus saved his 73 for the final day, Lee Trevino in the Tournament of Champions shot over 75 and a 78. In all 11 of the 22 players in the tournament shot 75 or worse on the final day. Miller lost par by only three strokes—43 on the morning circle. That was good enough to win \$40,000.

Not even in Jack Nicklaus' two best years, 1972, when he was 32,034, and 1973, when he won 1938, 365, did he have anything like Johnny Miller's \$110,000 all in only four months. And yet, to Nicklaus, Johnny Miller doesn't quite rate. Miller lacks the high seriousness Nicklaus associates with golf as a "religion." In La Costa, before Miller had won his fifth 1974 title, Nick has refused to consider Miller among the great golfers of the modern era. Miller said one player is, or is not, a "score good." Nicklaus said he played in order to "win money and to separate ourselves from anyone else. That's what you play for... to separate yourself from the others."

Only two golfers fit Nicklaus' top category established by his own superior play—Arnold Palmer and Gary Player. Nicklaus did not simply neglect to mention Miller. He specifically excluded him from the Nicklaus-Palmer-Player category. He excluded one, Lee Trevino, who, as in Nicklaus, had won "the famous" million dollars in golf history. Lee Trevino, clearly, lacked high seriousness. "What made Nicklaus, Palmer and Player unique, according to Nicklaus, was that they all felt it irresponsible to win golf tournaments, especially the major events." That is, when they played to the PGA, the U.S. Open, the British Open, the Masters they were under an almost solemn obligation to be winners. They, of course, Nicklaus added didn't always win. But when they did, nobody was surprised—Palmer, Nicklaus least of all. Yet when others—like Trevino and Miller—was they "are surprised when it happens."

Miller's attitude is anything but Nicklaus-Olympian. "Hook" he says, "I know I'm not in the class of a Nicklaus or Trevino. I've a long way to go and a lot to learn." Using Nicklaus' own standard, Miller adds, "Was I'll Nicklaus is 43, and I'll be 16 or 17 major titles by then, then okay. I'm good."

Moderately, by Nicklaus' lights, will get Miller and his represents, as Nicklaus, to Bruce Crampton to Gary Player if not to Lee Trevino, that summer, / continued on page 69



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM HARRIS





## THE KIDS OF SUMMER

*The essence of joy*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN REEVES

Summer is a kid growing up in Canada: most sometimes seem the reward for suffering through the other seasons. Winter clamps them indoors; even the mandatory escapes to the fresh air require great volumes of clothes and heating. Spring seems only to promise summer. Fall recalls it.

A child's summer exists for the moment. The months of July and August serve as an endless festival for young imaginations. It was surely this, our warmest season, that Robertson Davies had in mind when he wrote in his novel *The Manticore* that "Children do not question their destinies. Indeed, children do not live their lives, they live on the contrary, live them."

This is the essence of what photographer John Reeves has captured on these pages. Kids, usually preoccupied with the pure art of enjoyment, have permitted him to come as close to the completely candid photograph as is possible.

"They contain their privacy despite your presence," he says. "And they have this quality of being isolated in whatever they're doing at that moment."



They have no awareness of you and you're not invading their world. As far as they're concerned, you are invisible."

Many of these shots Reeves chased upon. He'd be relaxing on a beach and find a child refusing his sand castle, driving and discover a child lost in a sea of wild flowers, walking in a park, and find two youngsters wrestling with the villain of a water fountain. He'd encounter the children of poverty he was raising orphans in the backyard, oblivious to what was happening within the house in another world. Other parents Reeves deliberately pursued: the

National Film Board was developing a library of children's photos and asked him and several





other photographers to participate. The material has since been used in several showings, including a special World of Children conference held at the NFB's Ottawa gallery.

"I believe great portraits are given, not taken," says Reeves. "and that's why I prefer not to use telephone lenses. The idea of the 'hidden' photo has intrigued me, but I'm more comfortable when I'm shooting from close in. With adults I've always found it necessary to put out their lives and have a relationship with them over a period of at least one or two hours. That they're giving me something rather than have me just take whatever I can grab while I never like doing. With



kids — since they're unconscious of whatever you might be doing — they'll stay in their little worlds and still let you work just as closely as you might wish."

And yet, if kids lost in their fantasy worlds of sand and water and summer freedom are unaware of our older world, we are many times painfully conscious of theirs. And envious. While we see summer as another season, they appreciate it as a life-time. Kids don't measure their summer in days left rather in frogs caught, swimming, learned and cooked berries. And if we may somewhat modify Robertson Davies' concept, it is a case where kids are living their childhood to the fullest. ☺



# The next parliament will be as ignorant of Canada as the last

## THE SOLUTION

## Give our MPs a portable Commons

BY RICHARD ROHMER

SUBARCTIC ADVOCATE AND AUTHOR OF ULTIMATUM

Can Canada survive as a nation? Will Quebec secede? Will the West separate from the rest of Canada? The West claims its resources have rendered central Canada's industry into the beginning of Confederation. The Maritime Provinces are an economic backwater and have closer trade and commerce ties with the United States than with the rest of Canada. Ottawa and central Canada are totally useless and indifferent to the problems of the West and the Maritimes.

And so it goes. An endless string of berates and complaints by one region of Canada against Ottawa and central Canada where the eye of the western and maritime beholder perceives that decisions are made by a monolithic, rigid, ivory tower. Elated with ill-defined benevolence whose day-watched ideas are translated into action by a capricious federal government of the day. What annoys Canadians is that policy decisions are taken in Ottawa by people who have little or no experience as to knowledge about the region affected.

Last fall, the Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources slipped an export tax on all crude oil leaving the country. The tax was designed to capture profits that would otherwise have gone to the western (American owned) oil companies as a result of the Arabs jacking up world prices, and thus make the oil available to domestic markets.

The Premier of Alberta was mad as hell. After all, the crude oil belongs to his province and to his people. The series of errors in the wide ranging dispute between Donald Macdonald and Peter Lougheed are symptomatic of the major and mounting problem of governing Canada. The size and scope of the federal bureaucracy in Ottawa is daily increasing. The Ottawa mandarins and their political minions are becoming more and more remote from the Canadian people and their needs, and their and more remote from responsibility to anyone. The problem is not peculiar to the West or to the Maritimes, either. The taxpayers of Ontario and the governments of Ontario are as remote from Ottawa as are the citizens of Alberta, British Columbia or Newfoundland.

How can any individual average Canadian have an impact on or influence a federal government or bureaucratic decision? Most people think it's impossible unless you know somebody. And besides, the government people you have to talk to in Ottawa can't do your own MP — and remember that he has been's any influence unless he is in the cabinet — but so be it, even worse, and what does he know or care about your home-town? He hasn't been fighting an election there.

But let us assume that you are among the most fortunate of all people; you can take your problem directly to the minister himself. He promises you to take your problem minister who delivers you to one of his assistant deputy ministers, who knows you on

down the line into the bowels of the great ministerial pyramid where the deputy minister heads an infinite hierarchy of staff, most ministers are assisted for only a couple of years.

Back to the confederation line (fall between the federal government and the governments of Alberta). The fight happened for one basic reason. The political situation in Ottawa and these northern bureaucracy have traditionally dealt with the provincial governments and in effect with all Canadians outside of the Ottawa area, as lesser mortals insignificant people to be dealt with — at all — by decree, command and autocratic decisions.

It was then that the Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, acting on the advice of his bureaucracy, opened his dealings with Lougheed and Alberta by issuing in the manner which has become typical of Ottawa: making the provincial government of Alberta as an inferior and arrogant as Premier and civil servants as clerks. Decisions were made and decrees were announced, all with this overriding Ottawa arrogance. In September 1973 without notice to Alberta and with no prior consultation, Menzies suddenly imposed a tax of 40 cents per barrel on all crude oil exported to the U.S. Long-term not surprisingly, was furious.

At this time, the Ottawa team had totally misjudged the situation, power, strength and rights of the provincial government of Alberta. Its Premier refused to yield of the autonomy of a federal government down in Ottawa that was clearly acting as the servant of central Canada alone and not considering what would have been good for the West.

It is here that the federal government understood that it must appreciate the provinces as equals. The new game of Confederation must be cooperation and consultation and not confrontation and secret decision-making in the remote isolation of the ivory towers of Ottawa.

There is another step — a dramatic one — which the government of Canada should take for national unity. To get a handle on it, we have to go back to Sir John A. Macdonald and Confederation.

Life was slower in 1867. There was no television. There were no telecommunications, telephone, or electric light system. There were no orbiting satellites as space reconnaissance signals and images around the world. The concept of instant communication was unknown. Railway was the only fast means of long distance transportation, and then only between Ottawa Canada and the Maritime Ships sailed the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence for three seasons of the year. Horse-drawn sleighs or wagons were the only means of transport.

Once a Member of Parliament was elected — whether from the Maritimes, Upper or Lower Canada — he started off on

his journey for Ottawa, to know it would take him a long time to get there and he would have to stay until his business was finished. There was no telephone to pick up to talk with his family, no airfare to get him home for the weekend.

With the primitive, limited transportation and communication facilities available in 1867, parliament had no choice but to sit in one place, Ottawa. Remember, in those days, there were no previous ways of Ottawa.

And so, since Confederation, the House of Commons has been locked in Ottawa. In 1867 it was imperative that it should be. In 1918, it is imperative that it should not be.

Today there are 264 members of the House of Commons of whom 21 sit in Ottawa. There are 26 deputy ministers and a host of assistant deputy ministers, and they are supported by a staff of thousands in each of the ministries, creating a bureaucratic behemoth which is virtually impossible to comprehend.

The whole House of Commons, plus the deputy ministers and their assistant staff, could be moved from Ottawa to any point in Canada in a single Boeing 747 of the people's air, the Air Canada (if one the 747 only an example. It would carry passengers to get there all in one hour, at least not without a free try.)

The next factor is accommodation. In every major regional city of Canada there are ample hotel facilities to accommodate our mobile Members. And there are arenas, theatres, universities, clinics and other buildings which could be converted into a temporary House of Commons.

The members, Members' disputes, all would communicate with their offices in Ottawa by telephone, teletype, television, courier and by postal service. All of these facilities exist now. Certainly the preparations would take time, money and much planning, but the result — a governing body which understood these was more to the country than Ottawa — would justify the effort.

So my second "Band-Aid" solution for national unity is

that the House of Commons should sit for at least one week session a year in a representative city other than Ottawa, and in provinces other than Ontario.

Ideally there would be two such sessions.

For example, the spring six-week session could be held in Edmonton and the fall session in Quebec City. Then the next year the spring session might be in Winnipeg, and the fall gathering in Halifax, or Yellowknife, or Whitehorse, or Victoria, or Montreal, or Thunder Bay.

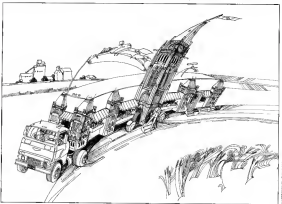
A regional session would demonstrate that the House of Commons is a vital dynamic Canadian instrument of government which is ready, willing, able and interested in conducting its business in each of the regions affected by its decisions.

A large number of the members of the House would be rotating, probably for the first or second year, the area or province or city in which the House was to sit. Some would never have traveled otherwise. As a result they would be conversant with a learning process about the country they are charged with governing, as would the senior civil servants.

The people of the region would be able to visit the workings of the House and watch their parliamentarians in action. Standing Committees of the House could focus their attention on the special problems of the region and hear local residents as witnesses.

And the regional tourist businesses, hotels and restaurants would get a real boost in the tourist area with all those Ottawa big spenders in town for six weeks.

It may be that the elected Members of Parliament would balk at this scheme, but a House of Commons which was ready to go to the people in every area of the world would make an enormous contribution to national unity. Parliament would become more real, more credible. Our government would overcome its remoteness, and regional differences, while they would not disappear, would at least be recognized for what they are. ♦



# Welfare without tears

*Sympathy for people in need is the trademark of Brenda Robertson, New Brunswick's Minister of Social Services. Sentimentality is not*

BY ALDEN NOWLAN

This morning there are sobriety half-moons under Brenda Robertson's eyes as we meet in one of those modern offices that make me feel as if I were in the mouth of a giant television camera. She slumps in her chair and I like it that she doesn't sit behind her desk but in front of it and opposite me as if we were both of us visitors to this plastic mock-madison Croswell Building. Her laughter comes less frequently and less aquatically than usual, and once or twice there's a moment in her voice: "What do I like least about this job?" She replies, "Being interviewed at nine o'clock in the morning."

Brenda Robertson is not only New Brunswick's first woman provincial cabinet minister, holding the dual portfolio of social services and youth, she is the first woman ever to sit in the New Brunswick Legislature, and in fact, the first woman ever to be nominated in a constituency where her district wasn't a safe-place conclusion. (Since 1967 she has been one of two Progressive Conservative members for Albert County, which hasn't elected a Liberal in more than a generation.) Here is a province where both Tories and Grits have traditionally ridiculed their female supporters (coily described as the "fair sex" or the "daisy side") to women's organizations. In New Brunswick, women did little more than provide female bodies to fill chairs on the platform during fundraising conventions and arrange one-time private dinners where they ate each other's voices and manners and obediently pretended to listen while the (male) speaker assured them, in effect, that, yes, ladies, the kind that disposes of the disposable diaper still rules the world. The professional rejection of the Liberal Frontiers of New Brunswick was to establish "the most provincialist province on earth." Whether they succeeded or not is another question. Certainly, though, they did a good job of keeping women away from government and the corridors of power and at home in the kitchen and Brenda comes along.

Yet Brenda, in spite of or perhaps because of, the preponderance of men with whom she works, has become an outspoken and aggressive politician whose policies have attracted front-page attention in newspapers across the country. She first caught the eye of the press as an opposition backbencher during the Liberal administration of Louis Robichaud by her criticism of the provincial mental hospital at Saint John, a 19th-century structure that sits on a hill near the Revereing Falls as if its designers had purposely included a convenient jumping-off place for suicides. As New Brunswick's social services minister, she has received national media coverage for her position on welfare. Funding cut off welfare for most independent young people between the ages of 16 and 21. "The aim was to strengthen the family unit," she says. "Welfare is not available for young people whose households are dysfunctional, but we've caused to substitute middle-class kids rebelling against their parents." Then she brought in revisions to make sure that men who are healthy and able, but don't work, do not get more money in welfare pay-

ments than those who work for the minimum wage.

Most recently it was alleged that Brenda blocked a liquor license in her constituency because the applicant refused to turn over half his business to a man who claimed to be "connected" with her. Raising opposition demands for a public inquiry, Premier Richard Hatfield referred the allegation to the Justice Department for investigation. He said he was convinced the minister had done nothing wrong. The RCMP investigators reported sometime later that there were no grounds for the allegations and found no evidence of criminal behaviour on the part of Mrs. Robertson. Like many of the male politicians with whom she works, Brenda is deeply embroiled in both government and controversy.

The morning I talked to her she had just returned from a knowing day at Tatamagouche in Gloucester County, an Acadian region that appraises with the kind of poverty and ignorance that most Canadians associate with Latin America rather than with their own country. Gloucester, which most New Brunswickers pronounce Glou-chester, is a region containing factories whose way of life is so little known to the Canadian middle class as that of the highland tribesmen of Papua. New Guinea. Shocks, some of them with din rooms, in which no meals are ever served — everyone simply grabs something when he's hungry — a raw frankfurter and a cold boiled potato, a slice of bread thickly covered with ketchup, a hot vegetable and a chocolate bar. There are no quarts. Markets as places and the holidays consist of women on coats, shirts and dresses, so that a bed resembles nothing so much as the end of a sock and dying animal. Until a few years ago Tracadie was the site of the only leprosy colony in Canada and it's that tradition doesn't sit up plants there because they don't want their products associated in the public mind with anything so distasteful as a leper colony. Brenda Robertson went there to talk with welfare recipients who on two earlier days had staged a riot at the local social services office. The situation was tense. According to the Saint John *Telegraph-Journal* a spokesman for the province, Voltaire St. Pierre said that if the social services department didn't "restrain" up within 30 days the office would be closed down "and they can send the RCMP if they want to."

"I've never been faced with a crowd like that before," says Brenda. "Shouting and threatening. I will haven't got over it. I don't mean that I was afraid for my own safety. But it was frightening to see how desperate these people are. How easily they could become really violent." Yet the *Telegraph-Journal* reports that she lost her temper and told the demonstrators: "If you want to burn down the office, that's fine — it's your people who will suffer." But only did Brenda not participate in a demonstration, but the courageously spoke her mind in the face of possible danger.

I ask her if she was conscious of any anti-English feeling among the Tatamagouche demonstrators, more than half expecting her to deny it, since many New Brunswick politicians have an almost anti-immigrant reaction that they — / continued on page 34





# The gastronomes of Quebec

Gérard Delage can see the universe in a slice of foie gras

BY SONDRA GOTTLIEB

In France, the home of gastronomy, good eating is more than an art; it's a national obsession. The great gastronomes talked considered a good chef to be the trump card in diplomatic negotiations. Auguste Renard was attracted to his wife because she smelt of fresh bread. And gastronomic clubs — gatherings of like people who dine at a wide variety of restaurants for the sake of the food rather than the company — are as popular throughout all of France as cooking clubs are west of Sudbury.

East of Sudbury, though, is the French culture of Quebec to be exact, the gastronomic tradition. Nowadays 33 clubs officially registered with the Quebec Hotel and Restaurant Council, more than 1,000 dedicated, fee-paying gastronomes, and countless private dining or wine-tasting clubs. Blood will tell: Montreal and Quebec City have more gastronomic clubs than New York, Chicago and San Francisco together, and many of these clubs are offshoots of mother clubs back in France.

Over all this tradition presides the Prince of Gastronomy, Gérard Delage. Officially elected by his peers in 1975 at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, Delage sits at the *foie gras* table, the fountainhead of the 33 official clubs. A slim, pink-checked man of about 80, he is also legal adviser and chief administrator of the Quebec Hotel Association. His museum, but as room in the French Second Empire. And as he sits in his office on Montreal's Stanley Street, many decades from Napoleon III and Bonaparte Bonaparte, he congratulates the second victim in good eating.

"How much better the world would be," he muses, "if young people took to generously sipping of death."

The gastronomic clubs rely on Delage for his advice, his impeccable taste. The clubs range from the oldest, most prestigious and most costly, the all-male *Proper Montpelier* (in 1972 they flew in fresh truffles from France just to live up to their motto, "no market stall is next to his expertise") to an all-female teenage group, *Les Nymphes de Notre-Dame-de-la-Neige*, consisting of wives and professional women who were fed up with being left out of male bonding activities.

I saw Delage for the first time on television, sitting at his meals in a little dining. A *Proper Montpelier* dinner which was filmed by the National Film Board and shown on the CBC. His experience of society, cynical about like a sophisticated experienced surgeon, created a mystic force strong enough to propel me out of my Ottawa straitjacket, spout with beer, and into the dining chairs of Montreal's gastronomic club, draped with champagne. Over a number of weeks I dined with four different groups: *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*, *Les Châliens des Réseaux*, *Les Amis du Gout*, *Les Amis du Gout*, *Les Amis du Gout*, *Les Amis du Gout*.

Unfortunately some do not want to admit women, and the one I most wanted to attend, *Proper Montpelier*, is unfortunately *maître d'hôtel*. Delage, who opened the doors of the other clubs for me explained that such a no-female policy existed mostly due to the price of the meal, from \$50 to \$100

per plate. If a man had to bring his wife as well, he might not himself be able to afford to belong, said Delage, and there was also the problem that the club would become too large. Anything over 50 is a banquet, not a gastronomic dinner. When I asked about female colleagues who could pay their own way, Delage, a connoisseur of human nature as well as of food, kicked himself. "I don't think the women would be so pleased," he said.

Some wives and professional women see their position not far removed from the veiled Muslim women who walk three respectful paces behind her men in relation, and born from the dubious principle that it is possible to be separate but equal, there are now five registered gastronomic clubs in Quebec that are exclusively female, but who meet more sporadically and less expensively than the men.

All clubs must abide by a code that is traditional to gastronomic societies in France and North America. No big witz, for example, no wine or water only, and that served with the solid state it is argued, the vinegar affects the taste of wine. No salt. No pepper. (It's the chef's business to season the food.) No flowers — presumably because they might carry a perfume akin to the wine. Above all, no smoking until coffee is served. At a recent dinner given by *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*, his last rule of etiquette caused a real scandal. The gastronomic gathering, a group of young lawyers and broadcasters who admit women as guests but not members, had extended an invitation to Luc Pléyette, a television star with Radio-Canada and former women's liberationist. From the first course through dessert and despite the glaring absence of uteruses, the kept reaching for her cigarettes, threatening to light up. The man next to her, male chairman, rising in his gorge, spat it right out: "Go ahead and smoke," he told her. "After all, you are only a woman." When Pléyette was asked to repeat herself. When he did, she picked up a glass of mineral water and threw it in her face, missing in the ducked and drenching the man on his other side. ("Women are still a savage race," the members who told me the story commented.)

Certain subjects of conversation, in a fit, detract from the enjoyment of food: no religion, business and politics are all forbidden. Two of the intrepid agents are *unofficially* ignored: I never heard a hint of *How* home. And although one of the regulars of *Les Amis d'Enfer* was a parish priest, he maintained his incognito with a wild shaggy hat and a fund of married stories that were more than remote from any religious context. When I described his problems, he ran to my side of the table and demanded a list.

The club against politics, however, was never kept. Because later of someone with the good people of *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*. He learned that the only party not nibbled with corruption was the Parti Québécois. Two weeks later, while cranking, fresh harvest are green with *Les Châliens des Réseaux*, so many questions were raised to the founding of the same party Québécois. / continued on page 31

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## THE CIA continued

A highly placed CIA official confessed that information goes to External Affairs under various circumstances prepared by the CIA covering anything from the political outlook of Latin America to economic reports on the Soviet steel industry. Soviet intelligence capability, Soviet interests in the Third World through military and economic assistance programs, Soviet oil production, capabilities of various European satellites, and research on various Soviet air carriers. Similar reports are made about China.

In exchange for the Canada provided data collected on sub-Arctic Russia (much of it collected through northern Canadian military institutions such as Alert and the DCFW Line) and other material which comes from diplomatic sources.

Coordinator of this exchange is the head of the CIA's Ottawa station, Cleveland Cross, who came to his post as did his predecessor Sydney Stern and Robert Beeson, after a long career in the most glamorous European theatre. "Ottawa," one CIA official told us, "is a comfortable post for a clandestine officer to level off his career."

Cross, a bachelorette man in his late 40s, directs CIA activities in Canada both from his halfway office on the U.S. Embassy and from his spacious, fortress-like brick home at 138 Denison

Drive (the secret here that Beeson occupied during his brief tenure as station chief in 1969). He is assisted by other officers such as Allen K. Allen Sr. who lives a half a block away at 115 Kensington Avenue.

The RCMP also maintains a close relationship with the CIA. Inspector Barry Simonds, a 20-year veteran of RCMP intelligence, coordinates with both CIA and Federal Bureau of Investigation from his office in the Defence Liaison Staff building, an adjunct of the Canadian Embassy in Washington. In the U.S. Embassy in Ottawa, legal attaché Mon Lee Vance has supervised liaison with the RCMP for the past 15 years. And Cleveland Cross regularly coordinates the exchange of information with Canadian intelligence and the CIA out of Ottawa. Occasionally the RCMP will "run" CIA agents in Canada, which allows the RCMP to keep tabs on them without jeopardizing relations with the CIA.

Everybody helps each other in a complicated maze of relationships and presumably everybody is the wiser for it.

The CIA does, however, conduct clandestine operations in Canada without clearing them through the RCMP. Usually, when these are discovered, the RCMP either requests removal of the agents, or asks for authority to supervise the agents themselves. In other circum-

stances, discovery of a CIA man may result in a jail term or even death. This is not only a problem for the CIA, but also for both parties in that it allows the RCMP to retain a semblance of control over clandestine operations, and it allows the CIA to conduct them with a minimum of interference.

Indeed, the cooperation is high. William Peck, former intelligence officer with the NSA, told us that "the American intelligence community and the defence establishment consider Canada as strictly an extension of the United States, in a political dimension."

The special relationship between the CIA and various organizations here works on other than official channels, there is also a great deal of low-level cooperation. When the agency wants to know about the activities of an American here, a CIA operative simply taps up his counterpart in the RCMP. Similarly when the CIA's current focus (the director for North America and Canada, Ted Shackley, who was formerly in charge of the secret war in Laos) undertakes a major operation in Canada such as the Cuban Trade Mission bombing they simply make arrangements with their Canadian counterparts.

An RCMP informant told us that the Cuban bombing scheme was an example of this low-level cooperation. When we spoke to a high External Affairs department official he was unwilling to comment, other than to point out that it would not have been cleared if it had gone for a policy decision.

Clandestine intelligence, functioning in opposition to official government policy, provided the CIA with invaluable information throughout the whole U.S. adventure in Vietnam. All International Control Commission reports were sent to the CIA via the Asset Intelligence Committee (which later became the Intelligence Advisory Committee). A former committee member told us he remembered he automatically forwarded ICC reports to Washington for verification. In addition, ICC members were regularly debriefed by CIA officials on their return to Canada. One CIA man, Patrick McGlovey, came to Ottawa regularly for the purpose. Captain David Merr, a U.S. Marine intelligence officer stationed at Camp Smith in Hawaii during the Simoes recall "being several months" reporting what the Canadian members of the ICC had observed in North Vietnam. Captain Merr specifically remembers a message from a Canadian source in January, 1964, which "gave the characteristics and numbers of aircraft, the locations and formations in and around Hanoi." This information would prove valuable when the U.S. began its first massive bombing of North Vietnam later that year.

Throughout the war such unofficial Canadian cooperation with the CIA was

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## THE CIA continued

continued, and justified, according to a top External Affairs official, by the fact that Canada got so much more as return from the U.S.

But new American intelligence operations frequently undermine U.S. official policy. The obscure Project Canuck, for example, was set up by the Special Operations Research Office (SORO) of the U.S. Defense Department. SORO chose Quebec along with Chile, Bolivia and other Latin American countries, for an intensive study of revolutionary activity. The ultimate aim of Canuck, which was code-named Task Force Revolt in Quebec's case, was in the words of General William Dalk, Army chief of research and development, "to help us predict potential use of the American army in any number of cases where a revolution might break out." Task Force Revolt had the active cooperation of a number of distinguished Canadian political scientists and sociologists such as Raymond Aron, of the University of Toronto, who conducted a seminar at Amherst University — although he claims he did not realize at the time that it was for a group of Central researchers — as the analysis of his in-depth studies of the early years of FLQ violence in 1962 and 1963. Canuck, which according to Aron was "the sociologist's big chance to share in the Cold War intelligence money," collapsed in what former U.S. ambassador to Chile, Ralph Dungan, called "a classical intelligence vendetta." The U.S. State Department leaked the details of Canuck and Task Force Revolt to Canada's External Affairs department and the U.S. agency was forced to withdraw.

It seems to us that Canadian foreign policy and the world situation in 1974 are incompatible with Canada's maintaining a secret intelligence network, largely at the behest of the U.S. In areas such as Vietnam where Canada's policy emphasizes peace-keeping and neutrality, her position is severely compromised when she is sending military intelligence to the U.S. If Canada must have an intelligence network, then surely the only proper way is through parliamentary or caucus control.

The central flaw of the intelligence community is that its members are obsessed with secrecy, especially in Canada, and we can't help feeling that Canada is paying for the sake of spying. Increasingly the intelligence groups make themselves, communicating with each other more than with policy makers. The power of the non-democratic wing of government thus continues its steady and unchecked march toward its inevitable end, the distortion of the democratic process. Hundreds of years of painful striving toward an imperfect degree of democracy may soon and silently be lost to man. □



## Hidden New Brunswick

Between Saint John, Shantz and the bedpost

BY DONALD CAMERON

Mrs. Ursula Widdow was sitting in the office of New Brunswick's minister of tourism, explaining that she came from Cambridge.

Cambridge, how splendid, opened the visitor. What a charming old university town! Welcome to Canada, and particularly to New Brunswick!

No. No (protested Mrs. Widdow, who came from Cambridge, New Brunswick, not Cambridge, England).

There is a Cambridge, New Brunswick? inquired the somewhat disbelieving minister of tourism. What is it?

Well, said Mrs. Widdow, it's on Washademoak Lake. And when in the fact in Washademoak Lake? asked the baffled minister.

About 40 miles from the office, replied Mrs. Widdow indignantly, and if the provincial government would pave the road it would be a wonderful place for tourists.

For once, the minister can be forgiven. Astonishingly few New Brunswickers — let alone tourists — know where to find Washademoak Lake. Let alone Bellefleur Bay, Kenebecaux Bay, the Long Reach, or any of the other magnificent waterways that lie just a few miles off the Trans-Canada Highway in the triangle bounded by Saint John, Shantz and Fredericton. I am not sure it is entirely a good idea to let you know about the secret triangle. But for my money it is one of the loveliest wedges of countryside in Canada, and perhaps you can be traced.

Washademoak Lake, then, is actually the river of the Cumber River, a tributary of the St. John which branches out

in Colby Island into a long, slender finger of a lake two or three miles wide and perhaps 40 miles long. Halfway down, 30-odd miles further down the St. John, is the strait of Bellefleur Creek. Kenebecensis Bay, however again, in the strait of the Kenebecouse, which cranks along through a lovely valley of big, prosperous dairy farms just over a ridge of hills from the Bay of Fundy. And the Long Reach is a 20-mile stretch of the St. John itself, wide and playful as a lake, crisscrossed with rifling, wooded hills and green grass as in Ireland.

Ancher and Ursula Waldow are East German refugees who have worked hard for a dozen years to build up a lakeside farm that now includes 1,000 chickens and a herd of beef cattle. The sturdy old farmhouse where they live is too big for the two of them and their two children, so they rent out an apartment in it during the summer. My children and I were lucky enough to have it one August, and our summer was made up of eating fresh eggs, "helping" the Waldows make hay, mowing every day, drinking fresh milk an hour from the cow, and eating fresh, home-cooked bread from a baker's seasonal shop in The Narrows, across the covered bridge from Cambridge.

We picked each other with apples from overgrown orchards, powdered abandoned houses, admired obsolete farm implements, peddled across the lake to picnic on a completely empty beach. Between Berrien and Gagetown we watched a ruddy-faced gentleman (former brick) a suitable home. From us we saw showed us with fresh corn, tomatoes, apples, cucumbers and carrots. We rode on tractors and learned how eggs are graded. We had beach fires and cookouts and overnights as a treat.

These village offers, in vintage quality, virtually every pleasure the Maritimeers afford — even the pleasure of discovering a hamlet with the magical music of Bayland.

One group of people that does know about the secret triangle, for instance, and use it, is the yachting fraternity of Saint John and Fredericton, descending the water every day, all summer long, with sloops, cutters, ketches and power cruisers, and sometimes even more exotic craft. One summer day, during a canoe trip from Fredericton to Cambridge, I happened upon a quiet, dumpy, elderly romantic schooner from Newfoundland at rest, anchored at Gagetown, 60 miles from the water.

And Gagetown itself is not to be missed. That particular day an ice-boat and a motor cruiser were moored in the old cove where, one among dozens built in relief projects in the Thirties, which stand like crumbling monuments to the long-gone river recreation. While parents drank tall cool drinks at the cockpit, ice-washed children dove into the warm brown water of Gagetown Creek, a back passage of the St. John. A father took his children in a dinghy down the river to feed a father's ducks and geese. Green leaves rolled down to the water from the old gingerbread houses along the main street, terminating in flower gardens and lawns.

Named for a Loyalist general, Gagetown's always intended to become an important town, but somehow it never quite got around to it. As the third town of Queen's County, of course, it has had a routine administrative importance — in 1803, for instance, a distant settler named Gershom Clark kept his son's corpse in his farmhouse until he was able to row it across the lake and over to a suitably Anglican burial at Gagetown. But that summer day, in the village drenched under no towering cliffs, we ate peaches on the wharf and were happy that Gagetown never really made it.

The secret triangle offers swimming and boating, fishing and canoeing, water skiing and hand-sawing. It also has a lot of year-round downy motor-ski-creek, and at one of the half-dozen little lake ferries which provide the only river crossings between Gagetown and Saint John, I once watched a flock of red-winged blackbirds feeding on wild oats along the riverbank. Quite as surprised a black bear leaping across the road at sundown. Tunes and gulls. Not just and sometimes

deer and beaver, ducks and porcupines, seals and sturgeon — we saw them all, and more. Drivng along a back road, one beautiful our spring, I came upon a very odd-looking beetle when it sprung across the road and into the woods I know it for the only mouse I have ever seen in the wild.

From Saint John up to the modern military town of Gagetown the great river is crisscrossed with islands, and to see them properly — indeed, to see the whole triangle properly — you'd do well to bring your boat. Often the fastest route (the islands, and the rich deposits of silt make them incredibly fertile. Most of them are now used for summer pasture, and from the Trans-Canada you can see the cattle calmly browsing beside the shore. But if you have a boat and a tent you can find complete isolation combined with sandy beaches and warm water, with aspens and willows overhead and pulp mills for firewood, courtesy of K. C. Irving. And you can see the river as it must have looked, in the New Brunswick phrase, "in days gone by."

For this is sacred country. The Acadia first settled the St. John Valley in the early 16th century, though Champlain had been to Saint John in 1604 and the Indians had occupied various sites along the river since time immemorial. Colonel Robert Meadlock barred the Acadian settlements in 1755, and 15 years later the Loyalists who fled the successful American rebels set out to establish here "the most grand and fertile province on earth." Happily, they failed, but the St. John Valley today still retains the timorous old houses and substantial farms they founded. It also harbors the descendants of these black slaves and the woodcutters and marginal farmers who followed the poets and judges the Loyalists-colonists who built up New Brunswick's leading province.

"Nothing but wilderness before your eyes," said Walter Russell wrote, recording the founding of Kingston, on Belknap Bay. "The women and children did not remain from town." But the village they built, as Esther Clark Wright says in her book on the St. John, "is unique, and the influence of Kingston settles upon New Brunswick was so marked, that the place should long ago have been made a provincial or even a national trust. Kingston is the sister and far more authentic than Upper Canada Village, which caters to attract thousands of visitors annually. This is another opportunity New Brunswick has neglected, in its overhanging phase."

Perhaps. But it may be that the charm of the secret triangle would be lost if it were less neglected. Every year, more marginal farms along the water are broken up for summer cottage lots. After Mrs. Waldow's visit to Fredericton, a government man was discovered prowling the back roads, planning one summer mass-mercantile horrifying form of development.

On a note near Upper Gagetown stands a century-old one-room schoolhouse, known locally as Marion Hill Academy. Lately the writer who bought it has been up there with a bunch of kids and often folks, hammering and sawing and making it one new kind of house. Marion Hill Academy looks just right, and the changes inside won't alter a cent.

If you do come, treat those quiet valleys with the respect they deserve. If your kind of thing includes bear cubs and moose newborns in the lakes and phosic prelate juncos along the shore, stay home. Do take it as a personal favor. ☐

#### How to get there, where to stay

By air or rail to Saint John or Fredericton, by road via the Trans-Canada Highway to any of various routes between Fredericton and Sorel. There are numerous hotels and motels in Saint John, Sorel and Fredericton, and along the main highways. Where the triangle starts is indicated in this story by the fact of campfires and trailer parks. To rent summer cottages, watch the Saint John Evening Times-Globe or the Fredericton Observer, or better yet, run an advertisement in either one specifying your requirements.



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### GASTRONOMY from page 20

While I ate oysters with *Les Amis d'Extrême*, a gentleman handing me a glass of Nérissin and that when René Lévesque leaves the scene Parti Québécois will divide in three and disintegrate. And over coffee with *Les Amis d'Extrême* (a restaurant) I learned that the biggest disaster in Quebec's history was the Liberal landslide in the October provincial election.

My first dinner was with *Les Chefs de la Table Royale*. Thirty young men, lawyers and broadcasters, paid \$25 each for a five-course meal plus salad complemented with a choice of five Swiss wines. The president in Yves Delage, who shares his father's passion for gastronomy but not his measured manner of assessing each dish. This became apparent when they disagreed over the chef's invention, a piece of veal wrapped around a large shrimp. Delage thought a poor principle to marry meat and fish whereas Yves contended that anything goes in cooking as long as someone likes the dish as he himself did. Yves was expressing the I don't know-much-about-art-but-I-know-what-Hitler philosophy and he accused his father of being hidebound. Gérard Delage felt the meat and fish failed to harmonize, but it was obvious he felt discretion to be as necessary as genius only as in other aspects of life and art.

"I am chicken with shrimp at Testi-vent in Paris and chicken the combination then," Gérard said. "And I don't like veal and shrimp in Montreal here." This attitude to words, as gastronomy is gastronomic groups are seldom heard and the participants are constantly conscious of their tact. This discreet diplomacy is carried over to the individual, post-dinner appearance of the chef, when an expected dinner was from the rural and then questions and comments from the floor are welcomed. Gérard Delage did the honors this time and he spoke most delicately, passing over so lightly over his obvious dislike for the medallion of veal that had graced the shrimp. The chef — a Swiss, explaining the preponderance of Swiss was at the meal — was a large, bulky man looking tired and ill at ease. The only defense he offered for the over-travelled dish was congenial. When some of the younger men who had dined with the star Delage kept him chatting away at the fishiest combination, Gérard Delage, the gourmet prince, turned away, embarrassed. He does not like public attacks.

Perhaps Delage sympathizes with the restaurant for the simple reason that they seldom battle even on a gourmet menu. Gérard Delage told me that an official dish pays only half what a private party would be charged.

Restaurants that bother with the dishes do so only for the sake of publicity and for the morale of their staff (though it's doubtful the chef of the *Whitman* Testi-vent got any lift from the condemnation of his "cargole"). For \$25 I had just experienced four d'oeuvres, three fish, dried Swiss mountain beef, the shrimp that was the vital in a wine and cream sauce, a delicious succulent salad flavoured with tomatoes, a fillet of beef with chanterelles (wild mushrooms) or cream, veal and coffee. There were the five Swiss wines and a plum *cordon* as served as a mid meal

refresher. The chef and his staff obviously loved to cook for people who care about what they eat; they can always make their living from the steak and potato restaurants. (Chef Pierre, a popular Montreal restaurateur told me they lost \$300 on their last gastronomic dish meal and André Baron of *Club Royal*, Montreal's top restaurant, has said he won't cook for groups of more than 25 members — more dishes having more than this number.)

My second dinner was with *Les Chefs de la Table Royale* a group that is discussed on page 22.

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can exorcise the demons between the province's two main cultural groups by pretending that it doesn't exist. "Oh, of course, there's racism!" she says "and their racism!" They think of us as the dense English, and who could blame them? We English-speaking New Brunswickers are at fault! We were satisfied to long to stay more suburban." A gutsy statement in New Brunswick.

In the Tricentennial, an inescapable problem? "One tenth of the population of New Brunswick is so self-right that it's a francophone province or an anglophone province; it's a human problem. There comes a time when you have to stop apologizing and say, 'Look, this is where we have to start from. We can't go back into the past and start over again.' The fact that the people I talked with at Tricentennial were Acadians wasn't nearly as pertinent as the fact that they were poor — and not only poor but completely alienated from society." Brenda Robertson was her colleague. Watching her this morning, listening to her talk, remembering other, more casual meetings had her speeches quoted in the newspaper. I'm persuaded that she has an unbridled sympathy for the people with whom her department contacts most.

"That's what troubles me most. Some of our people have been so demoralized by poverty — poverty that's linked in some cases far generations — that they feel no commitment to society. They don't consider themselves a part of it. That's appalling. They have no hope, no dreams, no ambitions. They're inert. Welfare is the only way of life they know. There's another group that is ashamed of receiving public assistance. At least that suggests that they'd like to take part in society, that they don't want to be on the outside. But those other people, I don't know." And she adds, "But I haven't given up hope."

Brenda, who was born on a farm in

Kemp County NR, got her earliest education in a small school. "We certainly weren't well off. My father was just a good deal of the time that we stayed just enough to eat." We always had enough to eat. How many times I've heard that from the mouths of working-class and lower-middle-class Canadians born before 1940 — the obvious effect of being that during the speaker's childhood having enough to eat wasn't something that was taken for granted.

Before entering politics she was a working partner in the business (a law-firm) disestablishment that her husband continued to run out of the Moncton suburb of Riverview. Prior to that she had attended Mount Allison University in Sackville, NB, where she graduated in 1950 and had been an agricultural extension worker and a high-school home economics teacher. "I liked the students, but I couldn't stand the imperfections, having to work according to somebody else's schedule and so on."

She never did decide to go into politics. It simply happened. She first became women's leader in the province in the early 1950s through her work with Women's Institutes and 4-H Clubs. In the mid-1950s she was persuaded to become president of the New Brunswick Women's PC Association. "Under her leadership it became for the first time a relatively viable organization," one of her associates says. Then in the Spring of 1967 a group of Albert Caumey Tories contacted her that she'd make a winning candidate for the legislature. Politics generally didn't interest her. It didn't seem like the job brought them — but in Brenda's case that's pretty much what happened.

"Some of the older farmers had their doubts about me at first," she says but her constituency is half-urban and half-rural. "But I understood that. They're my kind of people. Not sexist chauvinists — it is a rural society that kind of per-

sons is outrageous. They were cautious about women in politics just as they're cautious about anything new. So many of the new things are uncomfortable reminders that this has occurred in the past, so they're a real insecurity and there's a loss and less appreciation of their roles and their way of life."

Because of these values, which include a religious respect for the work ethic, welfare comes under severe criticism. "New Brunswick. Welfare 'bombs,' 'breakdowns,' and 'challenges' are favorite labels for the writers of letters to the editor. That's partly because wages are low the labor force mostly from formerly successful members of the working poor, rather than from the middle class) and partly because the work ethic is so strong that some of those who profess to be fed up with choices are actually throwbacks to the 19th century who would willingly have strangled beggars and starving paupers consigned to workhouses."

In many of Brenda Robertson's speeches she is careful to point out that only 20% of the province's welfare recipients are in the work force. But she concedes, "We'll have a lot of trouble if welfare recipients continue their demands. The taxpayers will revolt if they're much more. The public purse can only stretch so much."

The Department of Social Services has about 1,000 employees which means that Brenda often finds the bureaucracy archaic and slow and frustrating. But her biggest frustration is "the single decision for the government. Politicians don't have to work. But they're secretly their own men," such as the mental hospital in Saint John. "Although it's much better there now," she says, "we'd really like to have a group cottage. But there's no money. Brenda depicts the way in which some of the owners of the poor ad-mitted welfare before it was taken over by the province. "They were so very materialistic, clamping down on students and doctors," but she adds, "too, in a subtle way. We need a program to teach some of these people the most elementary things like how to get out of bed in the morning." She's right of course. An adult who has never learned to brush his teeth, use a handkerchief or change his underwear, will have a hell of a time coping with the 20th century. But here again she encounters the general difficulty of Maritime provincial governments. "We don't have the money," she says, "but we're going up but when she says, "It will come, although not so quickly as we'd like," it's apparent that she's viewing a hope rather than a thing at a plan.

Frustation and neediness aren't the only reasons for Brenda's energy and her subversive half-moans. The minister has a small daughter who was only recently

discharged from hospital and requires medication once every hour around the clock. "She's exhausted and depressed. I wish I could take her somewhere and let her sit with her for a few days," although it's hard to picture Brenda being content simply to sit in the sun, even for a few days. No doubt she'd wander and stare and go cycling and there would certainly be a bedtime in her hotel room. Brenda says Brenda's explaining her lackluster. "I'm not a morning person."

Through the window behind her desk can be seen the Playhouse. Lord Bessborough's theatre. A gallery, directed with Christian relief, was recently added to the original two-class structure to that now it looks like a toy theatre halfway out of its wrapping. Walter Learning, manager of the Playhouse and founder and artistic director of Theatre New Brunswick, says of Brenda Robertson, whom he knows in her capacity as minister responsible for cultural affairs, "She's got at least the second best brain in the cabinet and she's got more heart than any of them."

As we continue to sip the office coffee which comes as office coffee always does, as if it had been brewed with typewriter cleaning fluid and powdered sugar, the minister seems to overcome her traditional aloofness. An effort of the will it strikes me as she has turned out on other occasions, that she possesses something common to many women who are highly efficient in areas traditionally considered male. It's a quality difficult to define — a buoyancy. It's an athletic grace that is in each individual as physical. Perhaps, the abundance that rather dashing and demurely feminine competence is a reaction to the stress of coping, recently or otherwise, with going on rather than an innate quality and perhaps it's characteristic of the women to whom personal freedom is enough and to tell with women's liberation. But, to least a risk, it's pleasant to watch.

"Like being a woman," Brenda Robertson says. "The whole having-the-door-swinged-for-you thing. On the other hand it is addition to the standard conventional male portraits of the Queen and Prince Philip and a couple of variations, one of about one and one a landscape there hangs a large photograph of a man who looks like Jack Lemmon — the way Jack Lemmon probably looks like there and without make-up. That's. Will Robertson her husband and the father of her three children. Tracy, 12, Leslie, 14, and Debra, 16. "I think married people are entitled to live their own lives. One can't rule the other." It's conservative enough statement, but I sense that Brenda Robertson truly is her own person in a way that many women who pay

continued on page 36

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ISSUE JULY 1982

**BRENDA ROBERTSON** continued her service to the feminist slogan currently among the top 20 on the ideological pop charts are not. I don't believe she really gives a damn if a man opens a door for her. Oh, she may like it in the way that most of us, whether male or female, like being the recipient of small courtesies. But the certain it doesn't answer to her. She's a womanly woman but I can't imagine that it would flatter her to be asked for a drink, change a tire or to be out the gate with the male suitors, to be sure, but people often express their real personalities more honestly to their loved ones than to their partners.

When I first telephoned her and told her that I wanted to do a story about her, she said, rather warily, "I'm doing nothing cooking about me," and she says it again, almost apologetically this

time, as the interview comes to an end, adding in a tone of puzzlement that it half-groove and half-fringed. "I don't know what people expect from me." Of course she knows perfectly well that I'm interviewing her not because of her accomplishments as a legislator and administrator, which are necessarily modest, but because she's the first woman to sit in the New Brunswick Legislature which has been in existence for almost 20 years. To her the interview and the story that will come out of it are another small superfluous item. For the thousands or the ten thousand or the million times in her life a little courtesies being asked of her than would have been asked of her if she was a man.

"Brenda has more to fear from the Times than from the G-men," a Montreal

journalist recently said to me. "Twenty percent of the guys in her caucus are so jealous of her they can't wait to see her. They might forgive her for being a woman, but they can't forgive her for being a woman who has more on the ball than they do."

She would laugh at that. "I don't constantly say to myself, 'This person is a man, that person is a woman,' and I don't think that other people when they're talking with me keep saying to themselves, 'This is a woman, that is a woman, that is a woman.' The people I work with think of me simply as a female being."

Perhaps that I can't help speculating that they think of her as a woman who is doing a "man's" job better than most men.

#### SHIN TRADE (from page 25)

champagne for breakfast." (The same week the ad appeared in *TIME* it was notified of my inclusion in *Who's Who In Canada, 1988*, and future editions will either include me or it doesn't.) I get some replies, but they're infrequently. There's a great demand for champagne. Since three of the latest were from couples (all under 25) it must have been 10 people drinking (if it's that) so enthusiastic an expression, at least willing to meet and have an erotic adventure. I felt bubbled in a refreshing sense after a long drought. I wanted to run out and tell Eleanor Rigby she didn't have to be lonely anymore, all she needed was a subscription to *TIME*. But the letter from the publisher, using the luxury of choosing from so many alternatives which fulfills one will permit. There was not only corruption but opportunity. I hadn't even supposed that the apartment I've felt already, part of a new world.

An artist could strive for years to be pure (being out beautifully sensitive sculptures and two his whole life in conflict) but if he turns his attention to the human body and sexual activities, there'll be a coarseness from the vice signed to seize his work, just like on trial and make his name known.

Photography is the graphic depiction of sexual acts. That's all. And no one has ever explained how the mere recording of a biological function bore in generally high esteem and thought by many to be life's ultimate fertility can thereby become a dangerous degrading material act. If you can do it, why can't you be it?

Canadian cinema largely, publicly, use *Deep Throat* (and *The Gervin*), *The Devil in Miss Jones* (which, together, earned more than \$15 million in the U.S. last year) among other (or more) porno flicks. Unable to get dirty

so about two and, they've developed porno-cinema.

It was Canadian that kept *Deep Throat* in business at the Sea View theatre in Montreal. With eight, for 37 weeks. The theatre is located in the heart of 1,000, 40 miles from Vancouver) features "Triple X" movies and advertise as the Vancouver (see All of the U.S. hottest cities, Detroit, Fort Worth, Dallas, Washington, among others, do a lively trade with the Toronto Community).

If *Deep Throat* were shown in Canada — after passing through one of our provincial censoring boards — all one would get to see is the tenth. It would have a running time of five minutes and it would be a commercial flop. Even when it comes to pornography, Canadians bungle the economy.

You've heard no doubt about the long parade and expensive search for *The Great Canadian Movie*. Millions in government funds have been poured in, dozens, kitchen-sink dramas, except unforgotten comedies, dumb horror movies that wouldn't scare a high-school kid. All of it at its own. But what you've never heard of is *The Great Canadian Porno Flick*. Something we could do cheaply and well. Canadian *Who's In America* (Majesty) something really and delightfully scandalous, which would sweep the country the way that *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Godfather* swept the country. Something that would make millions and break box-office records and have people lining up in the new World Marble Monte and Rhode Island make a small couple? I don't know, but it's worth a try.

There'll be some stories who'll be glad to hear that after wearing the status of Vancouver, Montreal and Toronto I found there is no porno available in Canada. Plenty of stories. An abundance of these. Porno is getting to be no better to certain poor. No wonder

has lines find so many customers for their dash-across-the-border porno cruises. For the interest of Canadians is not contented by our legal structure: a just trade with the law.

At the Golden Kitten theatre in Vancouver (don't let the name fool you, it could be called the Lymanite for all the sex you're going to see) there's a sign that reads "If sex or nudity offends you in any form or manner, please do not purchase a ticket." No one, of course, has ever walked away. You cross your fingers and pay three dollars. The film is, *Person Flamingo*, won't even fancy enough to be cheap. It was, I would guess, a soft-core American feature from the mid-1960s. Everyone talked in happily loud Southern accents ("Why, I do declare, I could learn a lot from you, Corina Ann") and stretch festival positions that would have been good of a high-school teacher. The prints were 16 mm and looked as if they had been projected in every hovel in Texas. The sound was garbled. Gas not included, and it was several minutes before the projector got the best out of giving. You could hear some music surrounding while the other continued. And while there was... every 10 minutes or so — some incoherent wailing on the screen, some of it male and some from the back of the room, it never changed as anything changed. It was a waste of time. After 30 minutes I walked out. Fuming.

If the subject of that film had been anything but sex, people wouldn't have tolerated in low quality. There's heavy noise on every subject but there are more noisy movies about sex than all other subjects combined.

Things were like better at Cinema 2000 in Toronto, a videotape theatre that shows (as films are announced, but which, like the 21st Century Live cinema, Sodom cinema, Gamsack theatre and often that late the Yonge Street

continued on page 38

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sexy images in self-censorship to avoid police action. The film was *The Marquis de Sade*. "An explicit guide in the art of love which every man and woman must see." Thirty-five each.

What explicit means to me is that you get to see what everything goes and all the parts in action, to illustrate such as *Chinatown*. A reason you get to see: because the movie backs up by the hour with an assortment of hands, arses, feet and kneecaps found in to prevent the viewer from becoming shocked. If you didn't know already how unexciting is performed, *The Marquis de Sade* would certainly keep it a mystery. You could go away from this film thinking that men and women have identical sexual repertoires and completely puzzled as to why they lay on top of one another. My companion, an authority on sex in the cinema, told me she didn't see any male genitalia, not even a shadow. Nevertheless and the last scene in the Young Street district fairly often, she said that *The Marquis de Sade* was the boldest film she'd seen so far. It featured nudity from start to finish — apart from scenes of an actor, who was supposed to be a doctor, who was looked a bit like Woody Allen in bad disguise (and who actually had studs here in "LOVE

more man does not live by sex alone. Her close his wife. But if this film helps bring new attention and understanding. To avoid myself I began looking for textbooks and pamphlets, anything to collect the memory of watching this indecentible Sadeism, with its beautiful dunes and valleys. I know that the Montreal (but not necessarily) treatment of sex was wanting to see the hands of police, on the grounds that it was "educational" and "enlightening." What could possibly connect such a private hymn to sexual sex of obscenity?

It's welcome pornography which represents the true degradation of sex. And also its maximum exploitation, vice the teasing and the teasing is interminable and because it never delivers the goods, the audience can be string out for years, going to film after film, hoping due time to see a little more than the last time. Is she? Is he? Are they? The notion of a pantanal culture, having with desire burning with suspense, but upon again to be cancelled and punished.

At the first cinema in Montreal, the film — *Janet and Conner Faber* and a horse mystery play *Love On Wheels* — were alternately dumb as usual as

with some sex films go, but Faber did of find a clear view of about two seconds of an erect penis and specially positioned. The Quebec Board of Censors is the most liberal in Canada and Montreal is definitely the only city where a sexually oriented film is worth seeing. Even so, the police arrests, patterns of sex films, have to do through about two hours of painful anti-working postage in order to get to see the 10 minutes in so of sexual activity. Quebec is not — so far — congenial to showing genuine and honest sex movies.

The real McCoy is different. In pornography — the ideal imaginary land which pornography encourages one to believe in — there is no talk of social problems or racial problems, no violence, or death, just the meetings, meetings and tender demonstrations of couples and groups. One of the most famous scenes in *Behind The Green Door* shows student Marilyn Chambers (the delectable-looking girl who smiles from your heart, false package — or said in having sex with four men sexually casually. As anyone who has ever tried to rub his head and put his stomach at the same time will know, it takes enormous concentration to get different parts of the body moving in different rhythms and directions. Chambers' performance in this scene is only a marvel. She doesn't miss a beat.

Unlike private erotic fantasy which by its very nature is aware of itself and may even by some people be taken as a symptom of "insanity," porno movies are constantly reassuring they prove conclusively that — whatever they show — can be done and is done by healthy and attractive people. They tell one out of attitude.

There have been soldiers on the move in the front lines of a high-casualty theatre of war, whose stomachs were rubber, nerves like porcupine and legs stouter than I was standing at the Young Street doorway of my first body rub parlor. What if I blurt it? It might mark the beginning of a life of desolation. What if behind that door up these stairs, impenetrable as it might seem, there lay a waiting divorcee from a 1934 version of *Emma Kant*? Too hell friends would seem be saying, did you have about that? I hear he disappeared in a puff of smoke. Lita Don Quixote, I wanted to be measured to find recent attention behind the tawdry and healthy obsession.

"It's \$10 topside and \$20 more," the manager said. I gave her \$20.

"Do you want to take a shower?" the girl asked, waving I could call her Kathy.

"Sure," I replied, trying to spruce up my agent. It was a dingo house, the no full of stale cigarette smoke.

One was hanger had to hold my

clothes — wet short-sleeved, each later wrinkling the one beneath it. It was perhaps the picture of pants, but obviously no one had thought out this service with any aesthetic or even practical sense. Kelly removed her bikini top outside the shower stall and joined me.

"Is this gay?" she challenged. "I can be real nice. You're back down?" She scrubbed my back.

My imagination felt stunted here. It became a mindless object submitting to the rubbers of the place. An indifference in the way.

When I moved around to soap her back, she snarled and pulled back. "It costs money to touch."

The towel she handed me to dry myself of with had been used before. It was still damp. The sheet on the mattress had also been used. A mixture of body odors exuded from its folds.

"Could we get a new sheet?" I asked.

"A new sheet?"

"A clean sheet?"

She went away and returned with an other towel. It too had been used.

"The laundry isn't in yet," she snarled. "Put this down if you want."

Well, I said to myself, whoring isn't for the first-timer or the wannabe.

"Do you want powder, oils, lotion..."

"Have you got rabbiting alcohol?" I asked, thinking that I could probably use an antiseptic shield.

"It's simple."

She began counting and keeping the skin of my shoulder blades. It was no massage. This was strictly smoke right at the health spa.

"You've got a lot of hair on your shoulders," she commented suddenly.

"It's Mother Nature's idea of a joke," I told her. "I've been growing hair all over my body except the top of my head. I could kill her."

"By the way, aren't you supposed to be made for \$20?"

She looked at me blankly.

"Oh, yeah. I always forget unless a customer asks." She snarled out of her bikini bottom.

I returned, then again. When she told me to turn over, I sat up and momentarily felt nervous and dizzy.

So far I hadn't had 99 cents worth of satisfaction.

"It's over?" I asked, looking down at the trickle of lotion running off my body. I snarled like a bottle of Aesop's (garment). This girl sure knew how to run a James Bond fantasy into the ground.

"Unless you want some extra," she replied.

I nodded again.

She told me I could have a vibrator massage for an extra \$10. For \$20 more, she would give me "total massage." A hand job she explained, not regarded

restricted on page 62.

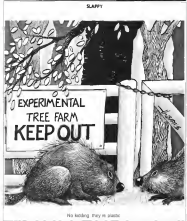
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by policy as prostitution. I told her I didn't think much of it either. Scratch me down! I'll't resist, conditioned and feeling rapidly ill.

"What symptoms do you have?" the nurse asked me the following morning over the telephone. I gave her the list: analcous heart, alternating fever and chills, eructing flat (i.e., no blood), hypersensitivity to light and noise, throbbing head and facial pains.

"Oh well, welcome to the club!" she said, sounding professionally cheerful. "There's lots of going around. It moves around the body, is probably very rare in Canada. But do call back if you get worse."

I had found the cure to the world's second problem: influenza.

"Not just, just find love," if someone came in now and said, "Hey there's a great party going on next door in your house. A birthday party. All the beautiful people are there, half of them half-American already." I would have to say, in a shaking whisper, "Will you ask them please to be quiet?" And as I lowered my relieved head back down to the pillow I would stare for a second through window, wincing eyes and sigh, "Don't suppose in this life ever get beyond seeing each other."

Of course they do. Especially those who don't make a lack of substance for identity. "What are you really looking for?" I asked my current mate, waiting up at the staircase trunk. "What would be nice proof of actual change?"

"I want a mirror of me. I want to get beyond meanness. I want to get

beyond male-female dichotomies. I want to be respected and liked just because by two people unambiguously, maybe even three. I want all of it to be aggressive friends, and by being accessible we'll love happily ever after. This talking about consensuous friendship."

"A sexual connection" doesn't simply mean penetrative sex at an earlier age and more enlightened attitudes toward masturbation, chastity, it means new modes of feeling and thinking, a broadening of sexual identity, the development of an uncommon tenderness and honesty.

Body rub partners were obviously no solution, though there were other places — Paradise Isle, Solara's Retreat, Gorge's Garden of Delights — given that the one I first attended. I decided to pursue more answers to my personal ad, choosing seminars on the basis of handwriting, or even penmanship where to read. Then — I have no idea what the odds are — something so unexpected happened. I ran straight into it. I arrived. I kept that for a sleepless night and was not a satisfied person about my new friends.

We met at a downtown Toronto hotel. "You're older than we expected," the second class the standard seminar had been exchanged and it was time to be candid. She'll, 22, 23, 24, murmured. "Not this I mean."

"It may as well be said," I told her, "because it cannot help but be noticed, that I am neither as young as you, nor even what is called 'this pastured looking'."

"I wouldn't say that," she interpreted.

"I was going to say when I first saw you, that you resemble Patrick MacNee in *The Avengers*."

I thought at least 100 panicked thoughts during one last meeting. I lived on every suspicion known to a painfully experienced end. I was particularly suspicious of anything resembling a conclusion. I was opening doors in my self that had long been closed; I would smell the many rooms of old dreams.

We talked. Hours passed in the long penitentiary session. Uphragging, downgrading, all the bigger that one drops behind one. We worked around about making good impressions upon one another and just told the truth — not easily but eventually. We talked until the sun rose and we were all exhausted. There were to sleep together without an other word or gesture, snuggling close without desire, just being together and feeling whole. Feeling whole. I knew something special had come into my life. Something modern. I couldn't have happened 10 or 15 years ago. Yet now it happened today.

I can leave. I can say everything is permissible.

A certain folk, not out of darkness, but because it may be a part or two before I know the meaning of what is happening here. I'm on a raft. For sharing islands of love unknown to me. Maybe someday I'll call it an adventure, an episode and have nothing to show for it except a few pieces of delirious and over-heat that don't go something through-out memory much longer by an inner voice that says "Some people don't even live once." ☐

## LASKIN from page 19

If there was one description and one only available to me, I'd say that Ben Laskin is, as much as any man, Ben Laskin, as much as any man. Ben Laskin is a man of reason. And even in the judgments that I might question ideologically there is a preponderance of his quality. For instance,

in the case of a man who refused to take the compulsory Israelization test on the grounds, basically, that a world of credit led to self-maintenance — thus obviating his perceived protection under the Canadian Bill of Rights — Laskin ruled against him. One of the rea-

sons cited, though certainly not the only one, was that society merited protection against imposed duties and the high-wire earnings they provide.

The Bill of Rights is a very complicated document, it is especially embarrassing because of its very general terminology which in view of its enactment in 1960, has hardly begun to be interpreted. My theory is that a truly radical or even classic liberal judge might have found sufficient law to rule in favor of the applicant in the British-Columbia case simply by interpreting the language of the Bill of Rights in that direction. But Laskin opted for reason: the public good was more important than the questionable right of a person to refuse the Israelization.

Laskin's background also sets him apart from many of his fellow judges and a path beyond the obvious that there he's the lone Jewish chief justice we've ever had. There is no escaping the fact that the Jewish tradition of humanism, liberalism, of scholarship and of class finally ties the Jew to the man who would

become chief justice, but there was more to it than that.

His first father, Max Laskin, a refugee from the Czar's army, arrived in Canada in 1904. In Winnipeg he worked for 30 years a day in a scrap-metal yard to earn enough money to bring over his wife Berta (known thereafter as Dolly) from Russia in 1910. This eventually resulted in Ben, William, whom the three sons Bora, Chuck and Saul were born in that order. The Laskin home was on Horne Street in the first few years was close to the marketplace which served the 115 or so Jewish families living in Fort William. Ben Arthur at the time. They enjoyed a middle-class existence, not poor but hardly rich. Max Laskin acquired the furniture store in Fort Arthur which Saul Laskin now runs, and much of the money went in the support of the synagogue or to relatives in the Old Country, or to beggars who knew Dolly Laskin (who died in 1939) as a generous woman or (if you lived a soft touch, that's why). Saul questioned his father's giving money to an obscure woman who would unquestionably die (it further he hated "You should never live to know what goes through his mind," she admonished).

There is an immediate tendency — an understandable one, I think — to conclude that adversity, in the form of anti-Semitism, was a major motivating factor in Ben Laskin's humanism, justice for all-show-it-must. But according to Saul Laskin that is simply wasn't the case.

I suspect, based on my own experiences growing up in Cornwall at the other end of the province and on what Saul Laskin told me, that there was less anti-Semitism in the small town than there was in such cities as Toronto and Montreal at that time. In fact, because the Laskins lived in a neighborhood populated by people from half the corners of the known world and because everybody interacted as they used to do in such neighborhoods it might be safer to say that diversity of culture, not anti-Semitism played a role in forming Ben Laskin's value system. The household was Jewish of course, and yet much of what that entails, keeping kosher, observance of the Sabbath and religious learning. But according to Saul Laskin it was the spirit of the religion, not its dogma that prevailed. Young Ben went to Hebrew school and even taught Hebrew for a time to lower grades, and some of his father's happiest moments came when letters from his eldest son, then away at university, were written in Hebrew. He still says Kaddish on the anniversary of his father's and mother's deaths, and he still attends synagogue on the High Holidays and at Passover, but proof (I think) that this tradition is that of humane liberal and not dogmatic Jewish law is the fact that he made no

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#### LASKIN continued

praised when his daughter, Barbara, married a Gentile a couple of years ago. For a Jew, any Jew, this is perhaps the highest test of values.

The upbringing of Boris Laskin, and an insight into the Laskin family, came during the Depression.

In 1930 Boris Laskin and his cousin, driving the family's 9th-old Chevrolet, drove from the Lakeshore to Toronto and enrolled at university. By 1931 there simply wasn't enough money in the family to allow both Boris and Chuck to attend university. But the Laskin family's premium on education outweighed all else. They moved out the family home. Miss Laskin took a room in Port Arthur and the next day, Dolly Laskin and her three sons moved to Toronto for the length of the school year and shared three rooms on Markham Street, which was then part of the Jewish "ghetto" in the city. Boris and Chuck went to university and Stasi to high school, and Dolly lived with them. This went on for three years.

Boris Laskin received his BA in 1933 on MA two years later and his Bachelor of Laws a year after that. He also met Peggy Treusholtz from Campbellville, Ontario, and subsequently married her. He was called to the Bar in 1937. The same year that he attended Harvard on scholarship, studied under the renowned American jurist Felix Frankfurter (the legal architect of *Rosenberg v. New York*) who would be named to the U.S. Supreme Court in 1939 and received his master's degree in law.

For about a year he was a provincial civil servant. He would not dry tell his children that even the years he often wished he had passed law but that back then there were no jobs available that one of the products at that time was that the big Winnipeg law firms were simply not hiring. Jewish lawyers, which is the only Laskin brand with anti-Semitism it was able to survive. From 1940 to 1942 he was an assistant professor and lecturer at the University of Toronto, and from 1945 to 1949 he was a lecturer at Osgoode Hall Law School. Then he returned to the U of T and helped to create, under Dean Wright, one of the finest law faculties on the North American continent. Laskin was professor of law at the U of T until his appointment to the Ontario Court of Appeal in 1953 — an appointment that surprised a great many people because the Tory government of Ontario had themselves owned no record of naming known legal activists to important benches. It is said that Justice Goodwin Langman Laskin (read and admit) and equally longtime backbones power in the Conservative party, may have had a hand in it. On the other hand, it's possible that the Tories of 1953 like the federal Liberals of 1979 and 1983,

simply recognized that Boris Laskin was the best there was in every conceivable way and that his appointment could do them nothing but credit.

In those 25 years spent as a student Laskin developed an much from hard work (a 16-hour day was commonplace for him then just as it is now) as from his obvious innate intelligence. His love of this that on any given litigation he can quote not only the law of Canada but those of every British common-law country, including and especially those of the United States. He became known, among his students, as a tough uncompromising professor who accepted nothing but outstanding high-level performance.

Barbara Laskin Flanagan (yes, her husband, *flm*, is Beryl Flanagan's son), now 23, remembers that paper-curling time was always tense around the Laskin house in Toronto. Her father walked around, mumbling daily under his breath where he was "down in the basement study, called 'The Dungeon' by the rest of the family, scribbling vicious comments all over examination papers, marking in them as if they were living enemies. He seldom gave high marks, made of his own lofty standards for scholarship — despite attempts by Barbara and her son, John, to soften his a little — but on the other hand he rarely flunked anyone, a result of his deep respect for human dignity. The students never got to see his written criticisms of their scholarship, but he never gave the papers back, only the marks.

It was during the same period that his firm — in reality, if you happen to be a conscientious law lover — grew as an arbitrator in labor disputes. Trade unions still greatly shook in their infancy in the Forties and even in the Fifties, quickly discovered that Boris Laskin was they would get a fair hearing as any contract problem. Laskin, more than any other appointed arbitrator, went out of his way to relate the language of the contract, much of which was legally convoluted in any case, to the reality of the workplace, and he became respected as the man who always came down on the side of the union and against management. But that's inaccurate.

While in 1965 (for example) he held that a Toronto company had no right to discharge 42 female employees who had volunteered in protest of demonstrably unsafe working conditions, it should also be remembered that away back in 1932 he shocked the whole Canadian labor movement by ordering more than 70,000 in costs to Canadian General Electric as a result of another wildcat stoppage by members of the United Electrical Workers. It was the first time a union was ever held responsible for damages sustained by a company under these conditions in Canada

and it set an arbitration precedent.

Some laws are finally dated. Those in the CBC's *This Is The Law* any week and you'll discover them. And some judgments are equally dated, as at best unreasonable. A lot of Canadian think the Supreme Court's majority decision in the case of *Imrie Murdoch* — the Alberta farmers who claimed a share of the business (the farm) she worked so hard to create and enhance — was a stupid decision. The court ruled that the farm belonged to her husband, from whom she had separated, and to her alone before the ownership was in his name. Perhaps the majority of the court merely felt it had to face to its contempt for a stupid law or in any case a law that could only be changed by parliament. But Boris Laskin didn't think so and he didn't have. In his minority judgment, which means little in any context other than perhaps in encouraging possible legislative changes, he found for Mrs. Murdoch, suggesting "it is not a law that could only be changed by parliament." That's reasonable. That's my concept of what justice is and what the law stands for. "It is too easy," Laskin has said and repeated in various ways a number of times, "for judges to say that if the law needs to be changed it is the responsibility of parliament."

Twenty-five years ago that statement was a full-blown heresy in Canadian jurisprudence, and it is only slightly — if demonstrably — less so today. Canadian courts do not make law and they shouldn't, according to opinion expressed by such people as John Diefenbaker. "The courts should not create an agency for social change; this would create a climate of uncertainty

about the law that is undesirable."

It's a legitimate argument, one which has logical as well as emotional support. Obviously, if the courts were "changing" the law from case to case or even from speech to speech it would cause confusion and uncertainty among laymen and citizens at large. We're seen in the U.S., particularly with the Warren Court, a phenomenon that cannot easily be contained as simple interpretation of the civil rights decisions of the Warren and Burger courts including school busing as a test of integration, must be seen only as the creation of law. The Canadian Supreme Court, though it is the highest court in the land and the superior authority in appeals against going to the Privy Council in 1949, has no such mandate. Neither does the Supreme Court of the United States, it simply took the mandate. Laskin's quiet admission for the U.S. Supreme Court has frightened some members of the Canadian legal establishment and there was some talk at the time of his appointment of movement toward the U.S. style.

This doesn't mean Laskin, for constitutional reasons, the Canadian Supreme Court cannot do so in a matter of law and is not a separate entity as in the U.S. — if not political reasons.

But the problem remains of making law realistically apply to the social needs and desires of each succeeding generation, and it is not intended for any legislative power, federal, provincial or municipal, to react to the need for change when that need is first perceived and demanded. It might get postponed to its time but that usually takes years. As for the old numbers of people who suffered

continued on page 66



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## LASKIN continued

under the aegis of opposition law—or, at the very least, not interpreted a century before so suit a specific case and context.

What Laskin is trying to essentially do is the courts and particularly the Supreme Court must consider modern problems which are brought to their attention are only in terms of precedent which is still too often confined to have been lightning-bolted into state tablets, but in terms of prevailing social standards, reason and need. And he's not concerned about the wholesale abandonment of this long-held principle (called *stare decisis*) for a national law.

"The central question of *stare decisis*" he wrote in 1968 for a lecture series he gave in Britain, "is not so much the danger of consistently applying legal principles of the doctrine as not an undisputed one."

It was through two highly publicized nationally watched cases which came before the Ontario Court of Appeal that Ben Laskin earned wide popular recognition. The first involved the repeal of obscenity convictions against Toronto art gallery owner Dorothy Cameron and the second the appeal of the *Ross* Russell Hurdship of Chatham, Ontario. The United Church minister who had been convicted on five counts of contributing to juvenile delinquency (in which he was sentenced and encouraged sexual activities on church property area, between juveniles involved in his youth outreach program).

In both cases Laskin wrote elegant brilliant dissenting—leading to front of the second. Eventually the Supreme Court of Canada upheld his dissent on Hurdship and the dissent was eventually reversed to the majority, thus did a few years later, but it related to hear the Supreme Court on the conviction (and it's significant that under today's social values Mr. Cameron very

probably would never have been charged, let alone convicted of delinquency, as it was the case in 1965).

Laskin on Cameron "Love is a theme whether in literature or in art and in all of its manifestations, it is hardly surprising that the person and bodies a representation of love, but there is no obvious reason why is exploited and exploited unless as a dominant characteristic. I have not the slightest doubt that the person had artistic merit. Like the woman Miss D. J. McCarthy, carried president of the Ontario Society of Artists, I am of the opinion there are parallels in the Picasso catalogue exploring sex between human figures as well as a woman as is done in the drawings from the cabinet from '63) that are impenetrable here."

Laskin, incidentally, is an art lover, one with considerable expertise, and Dora McCarthy is a longtime close family friend whose paintings hang in the Laskin posthumous in Ottawa.

It's also interesting—perhaps indicative is a better word—that Laskin actually viewed the drawings in question in the Cameron case. This relates to his perspective of national law and the real world. Another time, after a ruling on a drug case in which he came down in the minority and for the applicant, he asked one of the majority judges if he'd ever visited Yorkville, where his judge said he hadn't, Laskin said, "We should."

The Laskin dissent in the Hurdship appeal continues what I consider to be an unassailable logic: it's a famous writer of the United Nations on Canada Hurdship, was convicted, under the Juvenile Delinquency Act, by a juvenile Court judge of contributing to the juvenile delinquency of a number of under-16 boys and girls. The ruling dissent came from these words: "The very same witnesses who took part in the

accusations in the Hurdship case (the majority of the Laskin dissent is that, if these boys were considered capable of giving evidence sufficiently credible to convict, then they were also capable of being considered accomplices in the illegal acts they performed) and their evidence must therefore be suspect as to the evidence of all adult accomplices in law. It is also noted that, despite evidence before the trial judge, most of the adult witnesses had engaged in these acts and to other questionable activities beyond any relationship to Hurdship, the trial judge acted in fully accepting their credibility and totally rejecting Hurdship's, which was indicated by a number of high-character references from unapproachable witnesses.

"The conflict of all the young witnesses in their malice on church property was disgraceful," Laskin wrote. "But the accused cannot be held responsible for it simply because it occurred there."

When he went to Ottawa to be sworn in on his appointment to the Supreme Court in 1970, he took his family with him. During their absence he noticed dog which was actually Barbara's—a much birthday present given—while staying with a friend's house. Laskin had never wanted a dog, claiming that he didn't like animals very much, but he had returned and brought his daughter a little black poodle named Suki, or Suki. Quickly an man and dog became inseparable, and Barbara would remember the pure walking along the street together looking for all the world as if they were engaged in conversation. Laskin used to insist to the family that whenever he had a particularly tough problem to solve or judgment to write, Suki would come in and pad down to the Duggan to an area from him, staring into his eyes and giving him inspiration. When he was told his beloved dog was dead he "just became very silent."

He still talks about her and sometimes he is looking at the professionally photographed portrait of her which John and Barbara give their parents in a twenty-fifth anniversary gift. In 1990 the year before Laskin joined the Supreme Court, a bookmark (as it was) was posted at the time's decision, made by the court involving an old Northwest Territories Indian named Doyonon Doyonon had been convicted under the federal Indian Act of being drunk while off the reserve. The first that is involved only a \$100 fine would nothing. The gist of it was that the Indian Act in this case was clearly discriminatory and that Doyonon was being punished because he was an Indian. Where once could never be convicted of the same crime. The Supreme

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You should be a proud father

## 44

try cartoons in hand follow faithfully behind Arner's cartoons, which more than it used to be, so, emphatically, does his gallery. While Arner's Arner moves on to burgeoning belly, the new breed of gallerygoers scamper from us to go to football. I wish that stream-bowling team mingles on the back like "Buddy" Hurd, or "Burr's" back. At a few art stage, gallery groups have continued with many new sports and needed football hounds to be if they were at a New York Nets game or cheering on a bunch of scabby Philadelphia Flyers or Boston Bruins.

The gallery is the closest thing to an airport here one can find as it sports three cars. They seemingly wait for no one but come. They display a polished pair, chiseled at hidden corners at right angles, and a baggy one at double-bagger. There's a dark look in a gallery. I keep to emotional waters in stuff. Galleries are usually deeper and vast, water hazards along grime, badly placed cars too long, rough, unhelped. Galleries overhead are straggling, often Galleries are only like golf cars but celebrities. When I went to the Moccasin Open in Pensacola, Florida, a cop told me Moccasin was going to close the course.

"Nobody comes here, not Palmer, not Player, not Nick-o-loose, not even Johnny Miller. And that Lee Trevino who's more fun than a dog what got him a rat by the scruff. Hell, we don't have no celebrities. Not a one. Not even Sammy Davis."

Golf, in Pensacola, he was saying, failed not only as golf but as show business. If one looks in the west, one starts to see the transconnection of show biz, business and advertising, politics, equipment promotion, television and various play. What used to be the Los Angeles

Open is now the Glen Campbell Los Angeles Open. Dean Martin's name on the Tucson Open. Bing Crosby's on the National Pro-Am. Bob Hope's on the Desert Classic. Andy Williams' on the San Diego Open, the Seawave from the gallery can have the following exchange at any the Los Angeles Open.

"How do you do?"

The gallery person, for the rest of that visit, "lets me find friendly that Glen can't get me to stand up or anything. I'm not a person who can stand up for the team, so this isn't can't be ignored together. Like a television studio audience standing in line for any one of the two or three desperate quest for the most important support in our superstitious and unorthodox. At La Costa the gallery of 50- and 60-year-olds followed Lee Turner, the chairman of the board of the Systems of the game, from the gallery to the gallery. The youngest people in the gallery followed Howard and Miller and Leonard Thompson and Ben Czerwinski and Brad Braden and Hahn Czerwinski. They all followed the gallery of the gallery. Nicklaus they admire. Thomas they followed because they know he's progressed to say something again. At La Costa, standing just in a field of 19, the gallery of the gallery of the gallery of Champions were: his own private party for the last round he didn't bother to warm up at the practice tee or try a few more of the game. Instead he practiced his character.

"Hey you guys," he yelled at the Mutual of New York sponsors sitting lemon-scented on their armchairs behind the first tee. "when I drove up I seen empty spots in the parking lot. You know damn well that if I was leading this tournament you wouldn't be

able to acquire a car in their by now...

Then, trailed by his loyal trodger Trevino went out and shut a par 1 which left him still dead last. He returned to the clubhouse just as yuppy when he went out.

"Well, I found two extra clubs in my bag this morning. I don't know who left them there. I could just as well hit them as and been disqualified. I think golf I been playing fairly."

I sat with Byron Nelson during part of the morning. He talks the Jack Nicklaus "generation" was full of praise of the new young players. He favors the concept of the galleries and all the excitement generated by the tour. As a player stepped up to the first tee, Nicklaus told me what was good about the tour: what was weak, what needed work. As golf's most fascinating old-timer, regular on ABC Sports coverage of a tour, Nelson was concerned about the gentlemanly aspect of golf. He pursued lifted Ben Crenshaw, both as golfer and as a gentleman. At 22, Crenshaw is probably the most promising player on the tour — including Nicklaus and Bobbie Green, according to Nelson.

"I can't use anything but a bright future for this young man. An excellent young man. And he has fine parents, know his father Charlie. A fine one. And the young man has a fine twin too."

When Tom Wenzke, who had spent his streak during last year's season stepped up to the line, he spotted Nelson. Wenzke wasn't doing very well at 11-1. "I was in a bad spot," says Wenzke. "I was down 11-1. I was in a bad spot." He began the final round to stakes over par like first drive though was straight and powerful — about 2 yards. Before walking off he turned Nelson, another wide.

"How's that?" he said. "All right?"  
Nelson smiled.

Weslopf also shot a 76 for a round.

The players who seemed most surprised by the way both the Tournament Champions and the two new young champions dominated Nikkita Bruce Compton, perhaps under the sheer hypocrisy. Loretta Compton said she never saw anyone else look looking around for obstacles or distractions as he apparently found it so brushed about. But both in the Missouri Open and at La Costa, he had a golfing query greater than most, but still was far from like Nicklaus, took a final round which kept him on the tie with Nicklaus seven shots and around \$30,000 less.

Johnny Miller. But perhaps the most interesting story of the times may be the surprising collapse of what was a real contender, Tom Morimoto. One of a platoon off at San Peter Creek club, Lee Evers turned up as a competitor in the tournament of Champions.

I met Elder first at Pensacola. And I was the stranger sailors there. It was

made up of Southern "red-necks" who, strangely, did not like the way Elder had been treated in previous play at Mounds. Elder is black. By winning the Mounds he became eligible for the Tournament of Champions one week later, but far more significantly, Elder, by winning there, became eligible for the Masters at Augusta, Georgia, in 1971 — the first black ever to play there.

The Muskies had both hope and realistic goals for participation. It did not mean that the few Seattle-area blacks who chose to join the team would be like Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier. Blacks in basketball years after professional basketball teams in both the United States and Canada remained with talented black men, and years after the National Basketball Association had the American Basketball Association had starting line-ups of black gold would be breaking the white line at the Mustangs. Another gentleman's sport, ocean racing, has remained the "institution" of non-whites as frequently as golf. Puerto Rican baseball, too, has its black players. In Mississippi, the black players of the Gulf Breeze team are in one of the nation's great players. Althea Gibson established herself as the first black tennis champion, and a number of years later Arthur Ashe became a Davis Cup player and is now a leading pro on the tennis tour.

At another Montana Elder had had to hear marriage of "nigger" "black boy" not alone from the pulpit but from some offhanded and indignant some players. A majority of the tour players come from the warmer South, or are attached to clubs in the South. But the Masters is to the effect, the most establishment, the most formal, the most clubby of all stops on the tour. And so even the "red-neck" wanted to see the Masters studied, and what better way — from their point of view — than to have a black man play at Augusta? The younger tour people, without wanting to be quoted, voiced their own hopes that Elder would win some major tournament, and "show those stiff-necked bastards" by qualifying for the Masters.

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## GOLF continued

pened when Elder, who had begun play at 10, held out for an opening round of 67. Almost immediately, people in his kitchen were started to show up — in chef hats, white aprons, white dresses, white overalls, dishwashers, short-sleeved shirts, junior cleaning staff, black policemen, black ladies, a few middle-class blacks in country-club golf hats and stogee-crowned golf shirts. They slipped each other's hands as if each one individually had accomplished something special. Little children girls, and to get Elder's autograph (father he and Charlie Stifford, an older black player on the tour, had visited one another's schools 50 years ago), and the children were clearly playing hockey.

Interestingly enough, when Elder played the 72nd hole of the Tournament of Champions again, when blackness held an answering palm, as he came into sight — again with a chance for a hole-in-one — he tried to get some applause going. One knee bled was all it took. Elder was flashing his fourth consecutive round of 72 golf. Calculation didn't think this level of shorting called for a demonstration. Apparently, when Elder held out and walked out of the score's tent, a huge reception committee met him, most of them black, and like Elder, who dressed in the approved middle-class golf get-up, but the congratulations were not for his play at La Costa, or at Pensacola. Everyone mentioned one tour stop only — the Masters.

In his final round at Pensacola, when Elder knew that winning meant an invitation to the Masters, younger tour players let him know they were with him — Jim Whelan put his arms around Elder. Mike Grzes kept Elder's wife and

former agent Ross (who's now sponsored by a former New York Times golf correspondent, posted on how Elder was doing, Jim Colbert who just a week before had finished a good fourth in the Masters, kept encouraging Elder to play a cool and easy 10 stroke. But play-off holes for Elder to beat Peter Jacobson, and he did it, finally with a great 18 foot putt from the cup. The times they were a-changin' — but not that much.

Golf is still essentially a conservative game, which emerges from a conservative addition to the tour because of his California openness and thankfulness. But the Masters open is more important to golf than Johnny Miller and his contemporaries. Perhaps it won't be as stiff and as formal five years from now, when the young pros and their informality have assailed its rigidities. Let Elder playing in the Masters won't change much. The Masters will still be an invitational tournament with the Masters people in control of the criteria used for player selection. Don't look for a flood of black golf players because of Lee Elder's breakthrough. The more from the public money in the private club and then the tour is a long hard road. Jackie Robinson making the Brooklyn Dodgers was a genuine breakthrough for the black athlete; the black golf pro has many more obstacles to overcome. Unless he makes the big tour he plays on, basically unchallenging circuit all over the continent. Particularly with a income is an important factor in a player's success. In golf the black player will advance only by one at the pace that the golf alone but the community's acceptance.

But the young pros, white as well as black, are differently in other areas than their play. They talk in their clothes, for

instance. They walk with their chests, after a long drive, about custom after that golf. Leonard Thompson, a North Carolina man, told Tom Wainwright's caddy, "Lexy, how's your grand-servant?" And Lexy answers seriously as if that has been such conversation on the topic before. They count more with their caddies about what club to use, or about the roll of the green. The relationship of Johnny Miller, the player, and Andy Martinez, the caddy, is not a servant-to-master, but almost a democratic division of labor. Miller goes his caddy the car as a reward but because he knew Martinez would feel bad about being excluded from the U.S. Open. The gesture was in part personal and in part professional, and that relationship is obvious to many other player-caddy pairs. But Grzes has gone to a lot of trouble to see that Mike Reyes, his caddy, who lives in Philadelphia, stays on the tour with him. The regular caddy on the tour used to be an exception, now he is quite common. At La Costa only three of the 25 players were without their regular caddies — Bobby Nichols, Hale Irwin, and Dave Stockton. The caddy is on one level a good-looking chauffeur. A player who seems with a caddy in one tournament will surprisingly link up the caddy's professional skills but the caddy's good-looking chauffeur in that success. Nevertheless, so one makes with their pros, one realizes that a new social awareness is modifying the golfer-caddy relationship. That a caddy is a pro-professional must be guaranteed stable employment, and have all the professional expertise to any professional or pro-professional employment — retirement, health coverage, an agreed fee base and dependent on a player's fortune or when.

The Johnny Miller of the new golf generation changes the game's style, but not the face of golf life. Golf, like many other sports, is quite dependent on television and advertising dependency — as anyone. Mike Grzes, the "top gun" of a tournament, but they are business relationship or some individual enterprise, guarantee the "top" will be covered — expenses will be paid, a far piece will be available. In Pensacola in Mississippi, the chemical corporation was phasing out of the local open, low officials and local Floridians were trying to get the JM Corporation to take over for next year. The Mutual of New York (MNY), co-sponsor of the Tournament of Champions, on the other hand were looking for bigger and better ways to exploit the Tournament of Champions at La Costa. The company's president told me that they had distributed 1,000 tickets to staff, company officials and agents to save over their best customers. Chevrolet was also doing a pro-

motion in connection with TV coverage and sponsorship of the Tournament of Champions. Doubtless the General Motors people had distributed tickets to their people too. The result was that the gallery was in part made up of people being taken to a "big show." MNY and General Motors and ABC-TV had a stake in the tournament coming off well.

The "special style" is what keeps the golf games growing. It works in a cycle. The big stars have to be there in order for the event to be attractive in the gallery and to the TV audience. TV must be there in order for the big stars to come. The failure of the Masters Open to attract TV national coverage must be counted among the factors that kept most of the best stars out of Pensacola. A tournament, too must avoid the stigma of being charity. The MNY people at La Costa had a huge cocktail party with fancy food and servers, a Lester Lanun-type of society orchestra, and people dressed all designer-like and real fancy. Then La Costa was graded yesterday. Johnny Miller's purse of \$40,000 made the point in a clear golfing way.

I was watching Bruce Crampton and Jack Nicklaus when Miller and Maffei and Allen were marked winners. I saw no sign of joy. The struggle, I suspect, is just beginning. There's no way to get to go to make the young pros disappear. Their success seems to go against the sterner ideas of how one advances in sports. By long hard work, by surpassing a record of professional success, is "superstardom." But three Johnny Miller and his contemporaries are no different from a Disney Prince arriving in the NHL. The Gordie Howe, the Phil Esposito, even the Bobby Orr may never have had it so good, but yet the special treatment afforded the star players isn't but unlike the established star. Respect is almost what the sports maintenance on "progress" guarantees. The young pros in all sports keep coming. The bidding goes higher. And last night in best served.

In a sport like golf with its fixed amounts in each tournament's kitty where somebody wins, somebody else loses. Bruce Crampton took home \$8,200 from the Tournament of Champions and raised his 1974 earnings to just over \$40,000. Jack Nicklaus took home the same amount, which upped his total to nearly \$64,000 — a good \$100,000 below Johnny Miller's four-month total. Nicklaus and Crampton will go on to win many more tournaments and a great deal more money, and yet, as they rival Johnny Miller, Bobby Allen, John Maffei and Robert Griest, it seemed as if they were reading a message on the ways to read that the good young pros are coming. To say, ☐

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## The politics of Cape Breton cockfighting

It's getting harder and harder to say much about any part of Canada without sniping some frothy-nosed screwball to dump all over you (at least concerning the obvious Canadian national bigotry). I have personal experience to prove that, if a Terranovian moves to Nova Scotia and writes expatriate words about Nova Scotia life, a person's going to sneer, "Regional bigot!"

Friskiness between east and west and interprovincial mistrust have damned, bled and consumed thousands on their side and they've been around, it seems, forever. There's even a certain grandeur in the contest. But then you find people are also quick to shoot "regional bigot" from valley into valley, or over a stream, or across the Canso Causeway, or you wonder what hope there is for The Canadian Experiment.

All of which brings me to cockfighting. Maybe you don't like it. Maybe you think that people obsessed of running cockfights in the backwoods of Canada should pay for their crime, just as other lawbreakers do. If you believe such stuff, well, I'm afraid there are those who will know that you are, indeed, bigoted against Cape Breton Island. Even if you come from Halifax.

No? Well, a few years ago a bunch of Magistrate magistrates, born in Lunenburg, Cape Breton Island, and broke up a substantial cockfighting fest. The Magistrate decided to limit 32 fighting cocks but none of the casualties was seriously hurt with an eye. In fact, they were healthy, such a bunch of the exquisites that, according to one story, "Finally, a couple of the boys (both rooster-measured) stepped in and said, 'For the love of God' and did the job themselves."

This singular act of cooperation with the RCMP did not quite get the boys off in court. Thirty-eight paid fines of \$28 each, and the court found Johnny Rockett, whose home was the scene of the fight, a stiff \$200. I mean it was stiff by Johnny's standards. His friends, when told, in the local M.L.A. pointed out an angry letter to a newspaper, "Johnny Rockett gets by on the lazy War Veterans' Allowance they pay, and what

little he can do out of his dirt-poor acre or two of land."

The M.L.A. Prof MacDwan (NCP Cape Breton, Nova) is not a few of what he prefers to call "rascals fighting." Still, it's his contention that, by contrast to the mentioned barbarities of society, it's not all that horrible. Let's see something done to relieve the cruelty in people before we start worrying about money. Let's start worrying about social superstition and cruelty by one human being to another before we start chiding crocodile tears over a few lighting roosters who are only following instinct!

Being a disinterested, too, MacDwan suggests, but it enjoys responsibility because the people who patronize it are "the crones of society" and "people whose chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce limousines swirl them out-



side." And speaking of being, MacDwan is informed in many members of the Nova Scotia legislature not too long ago that the other fellow, right on the floor of the House, threw a barrage of determined punches at his head. It would be wonderful, a Halifax radio personality suggested last, if the two politicians would now square off before a light-candy crowd of hard-bitten roosters.

Anyway, MacDwan insists that cockfighting's preference is that, unlike boxing, it can only be for fun only on your humble "cell adverbs and fishermen and farmers and pensioners," and he may just have a point.

A story by Linden MacLennan, the Halifax Chronicle-Herald's knowledgeable man in Cape Breton Island, says that one rooster — a five-pound, seven-year-old, one-eyed hawk whom MacLennan calls Big Bird — his friend "more than his own member of the 300 or 400 cockfights roosters in this area" of Cape Breton Big Bird can move scratch itself in the morning, a bit of egg and now hamburger and

maybe an apple at noon, and more chicken feed at night. MacLennan asserts that Big Bird's diet is better than his owner's and the contrary claims the ingenious MacDwan gives that your typical Cape Breton Island cockfighting aficionado is a man of limited circumstances.

In Cape Breton Islander's defense of cockfighting, there's a powerful dose of the sort of reasoning that suggests a doctor wraps snakes a night. It's as though the enthusiasts of cockfighting and anti-hunting somehow make the acquaintance of cockfighting roosters.

The judge who sentenced the 39 rooster-fighting fans had remarked that "the birds tear each other apart . . . their lungs were punctured" and MacDwan, in his letter to The 4th Estate newspaper in Halifax, therefore asked, "If people want to get uptight about how the poor roosters fight with one another, why don't they also want to get uptight about how the police officers descend the roosters with steel bloodhounds and more vicious than ever a rooster fight caused?" This suggests MacDwan can't see the difference between intentional lawbreaking and clumsy law enforcement but, anyway, he went on to answer his own question.

Such stupidity in the Mounties' inefficient shopping "are blotted out of the picture, because they would not prosecute the cause of coming down hard on the little fellow and his amusements, and above all coming down hard on Cape Breton." Ah, now it's coming isn't it? The world is bigoted against Cape Breton Island, and the amusements the loves best.

Some Cape Breton little fellows will tell you that the Criminal Code organizes regional bigotry so there because it outlaws something that is more pleasurable to them than it is to any other people in the country. This is not quite like saying law against murder are unfair to Detroit because a lot of residents live there. No. It's more like saying that laws against prostitution express regional bigotry against Montreal because men Montrealers here prostitutes than do others of Lunenburg, Cape Breton Island.

What inspired MacDwan's elaboration of his cockfighting policy is The 4th Estate was a wild revealing paper had already given him for inferring that the cockfighting one on one. The 4th Estate said it had heard his saying what sounded like the reputation of Cape Breton cockfighting, and the paper felt he should worry about written cases. In MacDwan's view The 4th Estate had thereby revealed itself as a regional

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appeal in current times may unfold that there is too much confusion and ambivalence in real life as to what women are and wish to be. When women were an undisciplined presence, men loved them. Workshipped them. Now that they are a militant ideological problem, men avoid them. Like all other pressing social problems, And instead they build a fantasy world of men without women, full of the traditional masculine concepts. Of movies, movies, why must you always run away from life?

#### RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

**The Black Woodruff.** Michael Caine is back in this form, with an actor from Donald Sutherland and Canadian John Varves. In this spy thriller that should satisfy every action-movie fan. Directed by Don Siegel who did *Dirty Harry* and *Bullitt*.

**The Conversation.** Francis Ford Coppola's new film is a horror story about kidnapping, spying and the plotting to grapple of a crime. Not for people who don't like understatement, but a capacity reader and actor.

**Ennias and Sleepers.** A Woody Allen film that is a comedy about the career months of two of his country kids. Laugh! I thought I'd die.

#### BOOKS / GEORGE WOODCOCK

## Strange tales for a long, hot afternoon

"A change is as good as a rest," my grandmother used to say, getting on the bus to take her weekly basket of eggs five miles from her idyllic village to the market town, twice in her life she got beyond that town, yet her talk was always of the rest and strange things that seeped into her mind from books. Now it's summer — holiday time — and even if we don't get much beyond the next town we too tend to think of the unfamiliar. So this month I write of books that in some way evoke the far and strange.

Straps to the experience of almost all of us — though there was a recent Canadian parallel — is the subject of Paul Reid's *After The Story Of The Andes Survivors* (McClelland and Stewart, \$10). It tells of the crash of a Pan Am 747 aircraft in the Andes almost two years ago, with 43 people aboard, most of them Canadian players and their friends. Str-

aps survived the 70 days until they were discovered; they did so by eating the bodies of their dead companions. Field with restraint, letting the survivors speak, after an extraordinary document of the kind of extreme situation where civilized taboos must be shed at least temporarily, to save the elemental man.

Another strange book, this time from Boston, takes a feminist stance. In English, down, and presents it through the unfamiliar eyes of its animal inhabitants. Richard Adams' *Watership Down* (Collins-Macmillan, \$6.95) is a splendid fable about warning communities of rabbits their tribulations and triumphs. Jeopardy is never man's pleasant fate, yet their animal nature never seems in doubt. Wise children will love the book. Foolish parents should take it to heart.

One of my favorite books of the far and strange is *Kildare Dobbs' Rascals To Zanzibar*, just reprinted in *Paperbacks* (\$1.50). It portrays a lost childhood Ireland of bishops and outlaws, leads under the King, and, with special violence, Dobbs' own experience as a colonial officer in Africa representing rough justice and — and life works at his own risk at great white Swazis — leading elephant and hippo. *Kildare Dobbs* is one of our best acknowledged and best writers, outstanding in his power to make exotic scenes vibrant in the reader's eye. I wish we could write and publish a few more books like *Watership Down*.

Dobbs' publishers, Paperbacks, are devoting themselves to Canadian paperbacks. Already their list is impressive — Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing* (\$1.75), Brian Moore's *An Answer From London* (\$1.50), Harold Herwood's *White Riders* (\$1.50), Clark Blaise's *A North American Experience* (\$1.75) and a rather little-read *Richard Wright's A Black Boy* (\$1.50). Included among their titles, which are reasonably priced by prime paperback standards, are such widely different items as *Planet Earth*. *Planet Earth* is a complete poem (\$1.25) and *Tom Arthur's* well-trodden thriller, *Paradise* (\$1.75) which is about a multinationalist who decides to solve the world's problems by depopulation.

*Paradise* reminded me about the same time as my other and less well-known Canadian thriller, and a volume of Czech detective stories *Agency* (Moose, \$7.95). It is a novel by Paul Gresham, about an advertising agency investigated for criminal purposes by a senior international police officer. With by B. Lurie (Holt Rinehart and Owen, \$7.95) tells of a low



Pauline Johnson every book is a fine one. The book's title is *My Life* and it is a collection of her letters, edited by her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Johnson. The book is a collection of her letters, edited by her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Johnson. The book is a collection of her letters, edited by her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Johnson.

If you take for holiday reading runs to the far and strange in your own country, the recent book includes books in every field. For all times, there is Raymond Red's *The Canadian Style* (Fitzhugh and Whitmore, \$12.50). Red has dug well into the Canadian past and has come up with a fascinating anthology of material by which we unconsciously reveal and betray ourselves.

Two novels struck me as providing the perfect contrast between the rural and the urban in the way of most times. The *Land To The Clear Air* by Dennis T. Patrick (McClelland and Stewart, \$6.95), is a nostalgically written and realistically robust novel of rustic life in the rugged wilderness of the Shuswap and Burrish Shuswap's *Home Safety To Me* (Anansi, paper \$2.95, cloth \$6.95) portrays with humor and anger the life of the other side of the Ottawa and Toronto tracks 20 years ago.

Finally, two books of verse not to be missed. In spite of right previous volumes, Patrick Lane is still hardly known except among poets, but he deserves far better. Over the years he has developed a voice of great clarity and strength, and *Answer The Months Of Fire* (Anansi, paper \$3.25, cloth \$6.50) brings together old and new poems which speak with lyric accuracy of the western Canada he passionately belongs to. Roy Kogawa has published previous books, but at

George Woodcock is a critic and the editor of Canadian Literature.



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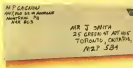


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*Cher O' Donnell* (McClelland and Stewart, \$3.95) has a special quality because of a series of fine points that tell primarily of a Canadian of Japanese descent returning to the land of her fathers and, "With my Japanese face in my dragon body design! English like a dagger in my teeth!" seeking to reconcile her Japanese past with her Canadian present.

#### TO KNOW US IS TO LOVE US

In the April issue of *Western World*, the trade publication of Western Airlines, all passengers are invited to attend Spadina's Expo '74 where, we are told, "the U.S.A., meanwhile, is well represented, as we see in sister republics, Canada and Mexico."

The *Georgian*, carrying on in the same vein, published full-page advertisements for the fair inviting all their readers to attend Canada Day, to meet Miss Alberta, etc.

#### SPORTS/JACK BATTEN

## Squashing a heart attack in 40 minutes

Wednesday afternoon I landed on the court Thursday I was back in action, and that's the way it is with squash, not so much a sport as an obsession.

I joined the Toronto Squash Club last fall (5000 members, no, 3250 around here), bought a Shaxner racquet (\$19) and a small hard rubber ball (\$2.15), donned white shorts, shirt and shoes, rounded up an opponent and stepped on to a court for my first game. Instantly I was hooked. How come? Because, for starters, squash is an easy game to pick up, even for non-boys. It's a matter of swinging a ball, as in tennis, but unlike tennis, it's carried on in a confined space, and that means you don't have to fidget every time chasing the ball over fences and into neighboring courts. A squash game lasts a standard 40 minutes, but almost the entire 40 are devoted to wall action.

The rules are elementary. If you play inside, you play in an entirely enclosed court with wood floor and cement player walls painted a pristine white, and you hit the ball within an area of the court that measures about 18 feet wide by 32 feet long by 16 feet high at the front and six and one

half feet high at the back. You can bang the ball on the fly or after one bounce on the floor and off all four walls as long as it touches the front wall before it hits the floor again. It must strike the front wall above the "tin," a measuring strip that runs 17 inches from the floor. You win a point whether you're serving or not — you serve until you lose a point — and the first man to reach 15 points wins the game.

I grew obsessed with the joy of smashing that lively little black ball. I worked myself into a schedule of one game on every weekday, which, according to Lloyd Purcell, Canada's guru of fitness, qualifies as a Good Thing. "Anybody who plays 45 minutes of squash five times a week," he says, "is not just in top physical shape. He's in top athletic shape." Well, I wouldn't go that far, Lloyd. After all, there was the afternoon I overdid it and swooned on the court. Still, the game whipped me into form with more speed and less pain than any other physical activity I've taken on since high-school boxing class.

And that was the only one. Squash is Canada's fastest growing indoor participation sport, its roughly the same point of development now as tennis was 10 years ago when it suddenly exploded in popularity. My club, Toronto Squash, opened in the spring of 1973, a downtown complex of 17 courts, and within six months it boasted a membership of 3,000 (overwhelmingly male but with a small, enthusiastic female contingent), and it hopes to expand its facilities in 1975 to 26 courts.

Ottawa, Calgary and Montreal have similar complexes in the works, all to be open by the end of this year, with Montreal as the giant at 23 courts. Universities have carved into the game as a big way in the 1970s — Simon Fraser hopes to open five courts next year and the University of Western Ontario built 12 — and most new apartment developments consider a squash court an mandatory in a winning pool. Traditionally the Canadian game has been confined to upper-class clubs, dating all the way back to the Montreal Racquet Club which pioneered in North America in the 1890s not long after the masters and boys of Harrow School in England conceived the game (and named it in honor of the sound the ball made when it hit the front wall of the court). The slightly stuffy game has persisted, though it's losing fading, and, alas, no Canadian city offers a public indoor facility. Squash to me, like tennis, is a game you must first join a club devoted to squash.



Experiencing the sweet joys of the great courts.

Once into such a place, you can count on expert instruction since Canada is offering the best professional available. "The world's greatest of squash are coming here," Jan Bentley, managing director of the Cambridge Club, a posh new squash layout in Toronto's Sheraton Fairmont Hotel, told me. "Inmate as far as North America goes Canada is now number one in facilities, enthusiasm and number of players." Typically, Ian Paton, an Australian, is the pro at Calgary's Glenora Club. Ken Bates, another Australian, runs things at Toronto's Skyline Club, and Sharf Khan of Pakistan is in charge of Toronto's Granite Club courts. Khan is the prize of the lot, not merely the North American pro champ for the last six years, but the latest whiz in the family that is to squash what the Richards are to professional hockey.

These pros have helped groom some marvelous Canadian amateurs. Toronto's Gordon Anderson finished as runner-up in this year's U.S. Amateur, and Ian Shaw from the University of Western Ontario is the number three collegiate player on the continent. But dozens of championships aren't what keep me, and several thousand other Canadians, but in squash. There are other appeals. For one, for one (black that heart attack), and fast (the peculiar euphoria of making racquet court ball), and the sense of strategy in the game (even you get the inside, you get make the ball take crazy bounces and spin). But most of all there is, for these 40 minutes, the complete absorption, removed from all the rest of one's daily pursuits, in smashing a little rubber ball. Squash to me, represents Total Escape. Especially on those occasions when I fast.

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